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# D U T Y,

*A NOVEL,*

BY THE LATE

MRS. ROBERTS,

AUTHOR OF "ROSE AND EMILY:"

INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY

AND PRECEDED BY A CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR

BY MRS. OPIE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND  
BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

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## D U T Y.

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SOME months passed, and as no intelligence was received of Mr. Davenport, Julia's expectation of being acknowledged as his daughter, and Edmund's fears that she would be claimed by him as such, were nearly at an end. But Mrs. Sinclair, whose hopes were kept alive by the anxiety that prompted them, still thought that they should ultimately hear from him; that her unhappy sister would without disgrace assert the title of mother, and Julia without a blush acknowledge the sacred bond. This subject, though it almost constantly occupied her thoughts,

seldom formed a part of her conversation. She would not interrupt the happiness of Edmund and Julia by exciting speculative dreams, or starting possibilities of which the realization was so uncertain. The two families as usual almost lived together, and every day more closely cemented the attachment of the lovers. Of the promised living nothing was heard, and they imagined the incumbent was not dead ; as soon as it was vacant, Edmund was assured of it ; and with the ardent and anticipating spirit of love and youth, the arrangements that would be made immediately on its devolving to him, had frequently been discussed by all parties that were interested in his happiness ; and Mrs. Sinclair promising to present Julia with five thousand pounds, the hand of Julia was soon to bless him : the present period of delay was thus beguiled by the visions of future bliss.

One evening as Mr. Herbert was reading the paper, he suddenly uttered an exclamation.



tion of surprise. Every eye was turned upon him ; the paper had dropped from his hands, which he had clasped together as if in prayer ; while his venerable countenance was expressive of the deepest sorrow. To the eager and alarmed inquiries of his wife and daughter he made no reply, but seemed wrapped in pious supplication. Edmund had taken up the paper : his eye too soon found the paragraph that had shocked his father, and he read, “ The valuable living of —, vacant by the death of the Reverend Dr. —, in the gift of Lord —, has been presented by his lordship to Mr. —, the brother of his lordship’s steward.”

“ Deceitful wretch !” said Edmund. “ Such are a great man’s promises !” “ Edmund,” said his father, endeavouring to stifle the sigh that was bursting from his heart, “ it is for you I feel : my own disappointments I endured with more submission : it was foolish in me again to rely upon one whose word I had so often known violated :

for your sake I was again buoyed up by hope ; again I trusted, and am again deceived. This is an act of cruelty as well as dishonour. What schemes of happiness are annihilated by this stroke !” “ I must endeavour to support the trial,” said Edmund, “ for Julia’s sake, as well as my own. Oh, how few are there who consider the importance of a promise ! Whatever are the expectations we voluntarily excite, as soon as the words which raise them have passed our lips, we have incurred a debt which it is as much our duty to defray, as any pecuniary one ; and the violation of it is a verbal fraud, and an act of social dishonesty.” “ Fy, fy upon that man who has not the seal of truth upon his lips, or the breastplate of honour on his bosom !” ejaculated Mr. Herbert. Edmund sate in silent thoughtfulness. At length, struggling to disguise the dejection that was but too visible in his countenance, he said, “ I must now exert myself, and not waste my life in mere hope. It will be a severe

trial to tear myself from Albany, from Julia—but it must be. I shall return to my rooms at College, and endeavour to be appointed tutor. If I must wait for the blessing to which I aspire, I will not spend my youth idly and unprofitably.”

Mr. Herbert applauded his son's resolution ; but Mrs. Herbert replied only by her tears, and Ellen was the very image of woe. To inform Julia of their disappointment, and of this new arrangement, was a task the most difficult, and one to which every thing else appeared comparatively easy. He who could best apply balm to the wounds he inflicted undertook to make the painful disclosure. How different were the sensations with which he now approached the Cottage, to those which formerly attended him ! The bounding step, the buoyant heart, the certainty of imparting happiness, were now exchanged for the slow pace of a dejected spirit, and the dread of wounding that bosom whose peace was dearer than his own. He

was half inclined to delay the sad intelligence till the next day, that he might once more see her face dressed in its brightest smiles. But, then, how could he disguise from the penetrating eye of love, the sorrow that shaded his own? He thought, too, that any concealment in an affair which must ultimately be revealed, was a mistaken kindness; and he felt, that the woman who was to be his companion for life should be the equal sharer of his joys and sorrows, and the confidential friend of his inmost soul; that to withhold any circumstance of importance from her, robbed her of the dearest rights of affection, that of participation and sympathy, and implied a doubt either of the strength of her understanding or her regard. He revolved in his mind various plans which might enable him to marry; for he could not endure the thought of passing the best years of his life in the walls of a college, a curate and a fellow, and then accepting a living when life had no enjoyment but repose. Neither

could his high and independent spirit allow him to consent to become the husband of Julia, except on terms of nearly pecuniary equality. Her aunt's fortune had been greatly magnified; and though handsome, it was at her death to be divided between her nephew and niece, and 5000*l.* was all she could spare for each of them during her life. The promised living would, without Julia's fortune, have been ample for persons whose wishes and habits were, like theirs, circumscribed within the bounds of reason and moderation. He thought that he might turn to advantage the education he had received, and take a few pupils. But this was a precarious tenure to fix his sole dependence upon, and he disliked it altogether. Not that he was averse to instruct, or unable to bear confinement; but he knew how extravagant were the opinions and expectations which some parents formed of their children, and he disliked the thought of being considered instrumental to their disappoint-

ment. He should also have a variety of tempers to contend with ; and though he might have pleasure in rewarding the docile, yet the punishments necessary to be inflicted on the refractory, would both pain and degrade him. The responsibility, too, which would devolve upon him and Julia, a parent's responsibility without its endearing ties, would be a constant source of anxiety to them both; the parents themselves, possibly, unconfiding, and the children unconciliating. He reflected also, however honourable was the office of a teacher, that the instant money is the return for any benefit received, the person who pays assumes a tone of superiority; and even he who was once your friend, no longer considers himself your equal, but becomes the arrogant benefactor ; and the pupil, forgetting kindnesses, will only speak of punishments. " No," he said to himself, " this will not do : I have not humility enough for such a situation ; and were I as virtuous and wise as an Aristotle, I should

never find a Philip or an Alexander. I will not 'teach the young idea how to shoot.' " And thus reflecting he arrived at the Cottage.

Julia, as usual, sprang from her seat to meet him; but instantly her joy was checked when she beheld the melancholy expression of his features. "Edmund, my dear Edmund," she said, pressing his hand, "you are not well, or you are not happy? Tell me this moment what is the matter!" Mrs. Sinclair looked at him with equal alarm. He was not long in communicating the cause, and waited anxiously for Julia's reply. After the first emotions were over, she tried to assume a smile. "We are yet young, my Edmund, and a few years perhaps will render us both wiser: let us at least make a virtue of necessity, and wait not only with submission but with cheerfulness. I have a happy home, and you have talents which you must exert both for your amusement and advantage. Let your head

be the comforter of your heart, my dear friend; and, believe me, hope will travel on a few years longer with unwearied wings.” “My Julia, my angelic Julia! friend, consoler, adviser! your fortitude shall be my example; and whatever are the sorrows of my bosom, I will sustain myself as I ought.”

The day of separation came, and sorrow such as Julia had never experienced filled her heart; but early taught the salutary lesson of self-control, she at last obtained a victory over the external expressions of grief. The parents and the sister sympathized in her distress.

Edmund wrote frequently to Julia; and the interchange of letters, affording food for their minds and balm to their bosoms, beguiled both time and sorrow.

The blasted expectations of Edmund preyed upon the spirits of his father; and he, who had formerly sustained calamity with the fortitude of a man and a christian, sunk



under the present stroke. To see the prospects of his son thus suddenly annihilated, every bud of hope withered in his bosom, was more than the father could support; and his altered countenance and manner awakened serious apprehensions in all who saw him. Edmund wrote, as submitting not only with patience but cheerfulness to his present lot: he spoke of hope: "Whence can it come?" said Mr. Herbert despairingly. "He has no friend, no patron; and simple merit is not often the object of preferment. I could have wished to have seen my son, my deserving, duteous son, happy; but . . ."

It was now that Mrs. Herbert and Ellen found the absolute necessity for exerting themselves to support the drooping spirits of the husband and father; and by assuming cheerfulness they sometimes communicated a gleam to his breast. Julia too looked the happiness she did not feel. Ellen employed every little art and stratagem to win a smile from her beloved father;

and by the humours of her fancy, and the creations of her ever-active mind, sometimes succeeded. Occasionally she had "held soft dalliance with the playful muse;" and her father had always viewed these little effusions with the fond partiality of a parent, and encouraged her to continue them.

As they were one evening gazing at the moon, and indulging many soothing and many pensive reflections, Ellen, who had been fancifully tracing on its disk a face and features, suddenly left them, saying that she should go and write to the Man in the Moon. Mr. Herbert smiled, and called her a little lunatic. In the morning she presented her father with her *lunar love-letter*, and was delighted to receive the approbation of his affection, if not his judgement.

*To the Man in the Moon.*

MAN of the Moon ! enthroned on high,  
Bright regent of the midnight sky,  
Receive an Earthite's suppliant sigh,  
Man of the Moon !

Whate'er thy form and nature be,  
Long have I loved and worshipp'd thee,  
And been thy humble votary,  
Man of the Moon !

For in thy broad and shining face,  
Eyes, nose and mouth and chin I trace,  
With many a soft and smiling grace,  
Man of the Moon !

'Tis true thy head is round and bare,  
And seems to mourn the loss of hair.  
A wig, for love of fashion, wear,  
Man of the Moon !

But I will love thee as thou art,  
And give to thee my truant heart,  
And never from my vows depart,  
Man of the Moon !

When Sol withdraws his dazzling ray,  
And night succeeds to garish day,  
To thee my lowly suit I'll pay,  
Man of the Moon !

I've heard of all thy sportive tricks,  
Thy sage-green cheese, and bunch of sticks,  
But never of thy politics,  
Man of the Moon !

Whether thy rose be red or white,  
 Whether their party hues unite,  
 If peace or war be thy delight,  
     Man of the Moon!

When elfin tribes are on the wing,  
 And fairy feet, elastic, spring,  
 Dost thou not wish to join the ring,  
     Man of the Moon?

And while soft music from thy sphere  
 Floats wildly on their ravisht ear,  
 Art thou, the merry minstrel, near,  
     Man of the Moon?

'Tis said, Pythagoras \* of old  
 Descended from thy regions cold,  
 His vesture †, like his verse, of gold ‡,  
     Man of the Moon!

Modern philosophers relate,  
 And mark the spot, and fix the date  
 When from thy hand came stones § of weight,  
     Man of the Moon!

\* Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon.

† He appeared at the Olympic games in golden pantaloons.      ‡ His verses were called *golden*.

§ See Edinburgh Review, No. 6, January 1804,  
 “sur des pierres tombées du ciel.”

So large! that Earthites shook with fright:  
At such a strange and wondrous sight,  
And call'd thee sly, as well they might,  
Man of the Moon!

Say, when Diana left thy sphere  
To whisper in Endymion's ear,  
Wert thou, a roguish list'ner, near,  
Man of the Moon?

And didst thou follow in her train  
When, led by love, she sought the plain  
Where Pan, triumphant, held his reign,  
Man of the Moon?

And let me ask if thou wert nigh  
When great Orion caught her eye,  
And moved her breast with passion's sigh,  
Man of the Moon?

Can I believe that one so pure,  
So chaste, so modest, so demure,  
Could yield to love's unlicensed lure,  
Man of the Moon?

Oh, no! it was a tale of Earth,  
Framed to amuse an hour of mirth,  
When news and scandal felt a dearth,  
Man of the Moon!

Now to a more familiar theme :—  
Say, dost thou ever sleep or dream?  
And does thy soul with *fancies* teem,  
Man of the Moon?

And if, with *fancies, wishes* rise  
In motley shapes before thine eyes,  
How closely *then* we sympathize,  
Man of the Moon!

When Venus in her silver vest  
Nearer thy orb appears to rest,  
Does not one sigh escape thy breast,  
Man of the Moon?

Dost thou not feel some soft alarms,  
And long, whene'er thou view'st her charms,  
To stop *her transit* in thy arms,  
Man of the Moon?

And tell me, dost thou never peep  
When mortals sleep, (or *seem* to sleep,)  
And from thy chamber sily creep,  
Man of the Moon,

To watch this busy world below,  
To see how joy is mixt with woe,  
How often cares from pleasures flow,  
Man of the Moon?

And then return unto thy sphere,  
Thy eyes bedew'd with pity's tear.  
For all that thou hast witness'd here,  
Man of the Moon?

Oh! if thou wert to gossip given,  
How many a tale of Earth and Heaven  
Thou'dst tell from rosy morn till even,  
Man of the Moon!

But mild and peaceful is thy ray,  
Yet great thy power!—so wide thy sway,  
That Heaven and Earth thy will obey,  
Man of the Moon!

Say, dost thou rule old Ocean's tide,  
The waters from the land divide,  
Or make them lash the pale cliff's side,  
Man of the Moon?

Ah! who can stop a woman's tongue?  
Or who like her a theme prolong?  
One question more then, right or wrong,  
Man of the Moon!

Say, hast thou ever yet explored,  
Or dost thou *guard*, the sacred *hoard*  
Where human wits\*, 'tis said, are stored,  
Man of the Moon?

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\* It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader of the story of Astolpho (as related by

If such thy office, deign, O deign  
To give me back *my* wits again,  
For long I've search'd for them in vain,  
Man of the Moon!

Upon a moon-beam thou must ride,  
With Venus sparkling at thy side,  
And warrior Mars thy flaming guide,  
Man of the Moon!

When the cold Earth shall intervene  
Thine and the solar orb between,  
Dost thou not squint behind the screen,  
Man of the Moon?

With thee to roam through liquid skies,  
Where love, 'tis whisper'd, never dies,  
How blest, as Cynthia, would I rise,  
Man of the Moon!

But if, in love and friendship sweet,  
On earth congenial spirits meet,  
Soon may I see thee at my feet,  
Man of the Moon!

---

Ariosto), who kindly undertook a voyage to the Moon to recover his friend's wits; and, when there, was surprised to find a phial in which were his own.



Percy was still busily employed in Devonshire in the repairs of his house, and the arrangement for his establishment; but he mentioned in his letters his intention of passing a few days at Christmas with his friends at Albany; when Edmund promised to meet him. They heard from Conway that the armies were preparing for winter quarters; but having been, within two years, twice in England, he feared he should have no chance of speedily revisiting it.

It was now the beginning of November. Bertha had been passing a few days with Mrs. Sinclair and Julia, when one of the servants hastily called the latter out of the room, to inform her that an accident had happened to one of the Miss Willses. "To which of them?" interrogated Julia. "To the one, ma'am, who does so many odd things." This description not identifying any one in particular, Julia again inquired. "To her who has so much to do with gauze and oxen, and such things, ma'am, and all

sorts of hairs ; they say she has blown herself to hattoms." Julia, finding that really some accident had occurred, though she could not believe it to be quite so serious, thought it better to inform Bertha of it herself, lest she should hear it accidentally ; and she knew that, little as was the attachment which subsisted between the sisters, her kind heart could not help feeling acutely for any injury to them ; and that for the sufferings of a fellow-creature, though unallied to us by birth, compassion will assume even the form of affection. She therefore told Bertha that something had happened at the Mansion, and offered to accompany her home.

They found Lady Wills in the drawing-room, very calmly employed in making fringe ; Lavinia embroidering a border for a dress ; and each of the twins employed in making an artificial flower, which they called a rose. But any one might have said, though Julia did not infer, from these ladies' tran-

quillity, that *no* accident had happened. She yet hoped it might be but trifling, and asked if Miss Deborah had received any injury, as was reported.

“Yes,” said Lady Wills, “and so has Sir Thomas. It is really very provoking that they cannot let such things alone. I never approved of them.” “But I hope, ma’am, neither Sir Thomas nor your daughter is much hurt?” “He is not; only a shock of electricity; but she, I believe, will remember her folly as long as she lives.” “When did it happen?” said Julia. “Yesterday.” “*Yesterday!* We did not hear of it till this instant. If you had sent to Bertha . . . .” “Oh! it was not worth while; she could do no good, and would only have been in the way at the first bustle.”

Julia, shocked at the insensibility of Lady Wills, was still more so when she heard that poor Deborah had really received a most serious injury in her face, in endeavouring to make what is termed a philosopher’s can-

dle. She had not used sufficient precaution to expel the atmospheric air ; and the moment she applied the light, the bottle burst, and the fragments flying up in her face, she was dreadfully cut.

“ It is well it was not Lavinia,” said Lady Wills, “ or either of the twins, for they never would have been fit to be seen again.” “ I hope,” said Julia, “ poor Deborah will recover.” “ She had no beauty *to* recover,” replied Lady Wills. “ I mean recover her health, madam,” said Julia. “ Yes, if she is kept quiet she will recover ; and, for my part, I shall not go near her, lest I should disturb her. But she has her own maid and her maid’s mother to attend her ; and it is better she should have no more people about her.”

In this specious pretence of not disturbing her, Julia read a cold unnatural heart ; and turning round to look at Bertha, she found she had left the room. Julia waited a considerable time for her return ; at last a note

was put into her hand:—"I cannot see you again, my Julia, as I am with poor Deborah."

"Where is the child?" said Lady Wills. "With her sister." "What, Deborah?" "Yes, ma'am," said Julia. "Strange!" exclaimed Lady Wills: "she will do more harm than good; but it must be as they please." Lavinia wondered how she could bear so shocking a sight; and Julia took her leave.

On hearing Lady Wills's account of Deborah, Bertha hastened to her chamber. It was not to sooth the sister whom she loved, but the fellow-creature whom she pitied; but even in the name of sister there was a something which heightened her compassion. She rapped gently at the door. "Who's there?" said a deep gruff voice. "Bertha." After waiting a few minutes, she lightly took hold of the handle, to try if it were fastened. "You can't come in," said the same voice, "and your sister can't see you; she is ill."

“And that is the reason why I am come,” said Bertha, “and why I would see her.” There was another pause. “She says that you can’t wish to see her.” “But I do,” replied Bertha: “pray open the door.” “You will disturb her if you can’t be quiet.” “Let her try me. I will not disturb her, and I can be quiet.” Another interval passed before she heard the same voice. “Your sister is a sad object; she has hurt herself by some experiments.” “I know it,” replied Bertha; “let me come to her.” “But you will not like to look upon her.” “She is my sister,” exclaimed Bertha, “and I must feel for her; pray, pray, open the door.” “Promise to be quiet.” “I will, I will,” said Bertha.

She waited a few minutes in dreadful expectation of what she was to witness, in anxious impatience to be admitted, and in fortifying her heart to a calm endurance of it all, when the door slowly opened, and “Go gently!” was all she heard from the attend-

ant. She advanced on tiptoe to the bed-side. "Bertha," said a low voice, "when did you return?" Bertha had sunk on her knees, and buried her face in her hands. Her sobs were audible; but checking them, she answered, "Not a quarter of an hour ago." "I met with my accident yesterday," she said. "But I did not hear of it till today, and at the instant I set out." "Did you? It is all well, very well." Bertha was silent; while deep sobs convulsed the bosom of her sister. "Bertha, have you heard what an object I am?" "I have heard you have received some injury." "You will never see me again; no one shall ever see me; no one has wished it, has attempted it, but you . . . ." and a groan interrupted her speech. After a time she continued, "You, Bertha, whom I have used so ill, whom I have hated, abhorred." "Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Bertha, "you never hated me, you could not hate." "I could, I did. Have you heard of Conway lately?" At this name, so associated with all kind and affectionate recollections,

and forming such a contrast to the present emotions, she burst into tears. "It is as I thought," said Deborah. "What? Tell me what you mean, Deborah. I have not heard of him but through Mrs. Sinclair." "Where is he?" "In Portugal still." "I wish I could see him—that is, I wish I could speak to him; for," added she, shuddering, "I cannot see." "Cannot see! O Deborah! my sister! my poor sister!" "I do not want your pity," said Deborah sternly. Bertha had thrown herself on her pillow, and folded her arms round her, sobbing in the anguish of her soul.

"Bertha," said Deborah in as steady a voice as she could assume, "I was prepared for all but this; I was resigned to all. My mother, idolizing Lavinia and Charles, thinks, sees, dreams of nothing but them. My sisters have all their separate pursuits and interests. I have had mine. We never blended in thought, word, or deed. I estranged myself from them, and, independent in fortune, have been equally so in my habits.



We have lived in a state of indifference to each other. George is at College. Charles I could have loved ; but he always did me mischief, and hated me for your sake. Bertha, you I despised and teased as a child ; then insulted, injured, and abhorred you as . . . .” “ As what, Deborah ?” hastily interrupted Bertha. “ As a *rival*,” replied Deborah with a deep sigh ; “ and yet you are the only one who come to me, who feel for me, who would assist me.” “ As a rival ?” said Bertha, repeating the last words that dwelt upon her ear. “ Yes, as a rival. Conway’s eyes plainly revealed to *me* his bosom’s secret, however blind the silly Anna Maria might be to their expression. But she is a thing of vanity and folly,” said Deborah contemptuously. “ I was sure he could not be caught by her. But you, Bertha, he loves : yes, that love, which I would have abjured every pleasure on earth to attain, is yours.” Bertha wept. She rapidly recalled every instance of his attention, of his implied preference ; but it might be only im-

plied, she could not call it love. "You are mistaken, Deborah," said Bertha. "Well, we will talk no more about it now. I am exhausted. You may leave me." "Never," said Bertha, "unless you command me. O my sister, let me attend you! let me watch over you! send me not away! I cannot leave you!" She heard the stifled sobs of Deborah, and waited her reply. "You may stay at present, but when you wish to leave me you may." "When I wish to leave you I will," said Bertha. She took the hand of her sister, and kissed it affectionately. "Pray," said the attendant, "who has said or done much for you as this?" Deborah commanded silence, and desired to be left to herself.

Bertha now heard, in half-whispers from the nurse, a repetition of what Lady Wills had informed her concerning the accident, who, disliking the science of chemistry, or rather its attendant disagreeables, declared it was a judgement upon her, and that she might get well as she could. Her sisters were equally indifferent to her, and gave all their atten-

tions to Sir Thomas, who was just recovering from the effects of an overcharged tube of electricity.

It was now settled that Bertha should occupy a little bed in a closet adjoining, which had been placed there for the servant, and alternately watch with her. Deborah's face was dreadfully wounded; and a fever, from mental as well as bodily sufferings, was the consequence. Bertha insisted upon sending for a physician, though Mr. Hopkins declared there was little hope. The physician coincided with him. The only chance was by keeping her perfectly quiet; and from the natural violence of her temper, irritated by pain and illness, that would be a miracle.—The miracle, however, was reserved for Bertha to perform. She dismissed her two attendants from the room, receiving everything from them at the door. She alone waited upon her, spoke to her, soothed her, and recovered her. The wounds in her face gradually healed; her eyes beheld the blessed light of day, and the sister who had

restored her. "Bertha, let me look at you," were the first words she uttered when the power of vision returned; and Bertha was in a moment by her bed-side. Tears of joy rolling down her cheeks, she pressed her hand, and faintly murmured "Bless you!"

Deborah's affections were cast in a rough mould, but when formed they were strong; illness had in some degree rendered them flexible to tender impressions; and as Bertha leaned over her, knelt by her, gave her medicine or sustenance, spoke to her in the sweet accents of affection, fortifying her with endurance or encouraging her with hope, she reflected how little she had merited such attentions, such kindnesses, and she resolved that her recovery should at least be marked by one act of justice (for she would not call it generosity), and that Bertha should share her fortune. She took her measures silently and determinately; and as soon as she was well enough, she sent for Mr. Foster, and consigned over to her ten thousand pounds, the half of her property, for her own ex-

clusive use, and at her own disposal. "This is a great deal for Miss Bertha," said the usually obsequious Mr. Foster. "Sir," said Deborah fiercely, "I desire you to do as you are told, and not to comment: would that it were ten times the sum!" Mr. Foster bowed, mended his pen, dipped it in the ink, and proceeded with the business. "Oh," said Bertha, as her eye glanced over the deeds which Deborah gave into her hand, "my too generous sister, this must not be; I cannot consent to it; what will my parents, what will my sisters think of this?" "It is immaterial what they may think or what they may say; I acknowledge no sister but you." "But my father, my mother?" "I shall not consult any one upon the disposal of my own property; my father will provide for the rest of his family, I want nothing from him; and we, Bertha, will retire into Wales." "*We?*" repeated Bertha in an accent of doubt and astonishment. "Yes, *we*: perhaps I ought to have said *I*, for I see you are unwilling to accompany me. *I* shall retire

into Wales ; you are to do as you please ; I can go alone." " I have not said I will not go," replied Bertha ; " but you have taken me by surprise ; I must reflect upon it ; I know not what I ought to do, nor what my parents will say to it." " Nor what the Herberts. Poor child!" she added contemptuously, " I see how you are fettered by bonds." Bertha had indeed thought of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, of Ellen, and of her friends at the Cottage ; and without their opinion was determined not to act. She made no reply to Deborah's sarcastic allusion to them, but the glow that mantled on her cheek showed she felt it. " I am sorry to have hurt you," said Deborah bluntly : " but if you imagine your parents will concern themselves about *us*, you are mistaken ; they will not care what *we* do. I know they have no anxiety for me, and have they ever loved you?" " Not much," replied Bertha with a deep sigh. " And now," continued Deborah, " that I have freed you from the trammels of subjection, and have made you

as independent as myself, do you hesitate how to act?" "But, Deborah, if I have been so unfortunate as not to be loved by my parents, surely I am not exonerated from performing towards them the duty of a child, from consulting them, being advised by them, and obeying them?" "These notions you have picked up at the Herberts'; act upon them as you please. You have deceived me, or I have deceived myself: I fancied you had an affection for me . . . ." and the violence of her emotions stopped her utterance. Bertha tenderly took her hand. "Only let me reflect upon your proposal, and ask the consent of my father and mother." "No," said Deborah, "rising indignantly from her seat, "you shall consult no one upon a measure which I propose; but go, ungrateful girl, I have done with you!" "Deborah," said Bertha in a calm but proud tone, "if you have changed your opinion of me, if you think I have deceived you, take back your gift, I disdain to accept

it" And, laying the parchment on the table, she left the room.

When she was alone, the tide of busy thought rushed to her mind; she retraced all the past. Deborah's generous division of her fortune awakened her gratitude: but it could not create love; that love, at least, which would render the sacrifice of her life to the object of it, a pleasure; and in no point of view could she consider it a duty. At the very first she wished not to accept her gift. She thought it unjust to her sisters, and knew that it would remove her further than ever from their affections. She was certain that it would offend her parents; and no consideration reconciled her to the receiving it. But now, when it was expected that she should retire with Deborah, should pass her days with one whose habits and disposition were so uncongenial to her own, her whole soul revolted at the thought. Had it been to attend her in sickness, to sooth her in affliction, she would instantly have con-



sented to accompany her ; but to adopt it as a plan of seeming preference, she found was impossible ; and she was too honourable to retain the gift, if she must thwart the wishes of the giver. She resolved, therefore, to write her resolutions to Deborah, and to decline her fortune altogether ; but to offer, if her parents consented, to spend a few months with her in Wales, should she determine upon going there.

Whilst she was thus ruminating and resolving, Deborah's maid entered her room with a packet, which she said her mistress had ordered her to leave, and immediately retired. On opening it she found the deeds returned, and the following words written in the envelope :—" Would you kill me? If you would not, take back these papers ; I require no conditions ; I ask no favours ; I exact no promises. You are as free as myself, and I should scorn you if you could not act as freely. What I possess is of no value to me ; it cannot purchase my happiness. In making you a participator of my

money, I receive the only pleasure of which I am now capable: accept it then if you have any value for me, and remember, I require no sacrifice."

Bertha laid the paper upon the table, and wept over it: whether she accepted the gift or not, she could not endure to wound her by an immediate refusal; and reluctant as she felt to accompany her into Wales, she thought that, if she continued to desire it, and her parents consented, she ought to make no further opposition. "But for a few months," said Bertha to herself, "only for a few months; I could not part with Ellen and Julia for a longer time." She went to her sister's room; but the door was locked, and she was refused admittance. She wished to consult Mr. and Mrs. Herbert; but she dared not go either to the Rectory or the Cottage, lest, by such a measure, she should alarm or offend Deborah. Therefore she took up a book, and endeavoured to read; but her thoughts wandered, and she expected every moment to

be summoned to her apartment. The evening passed, and she received no message. At the hour of retiring Bertha rapped at her door, which the maid opened. Deborah was in bed. "Who is there?" she asked in one of her most surly tones. "Miss Bertha." "I cannot see her tonight, and tell her so." "Yes, Deborah, you will," said Bertha, who had stepped softly to the bedside; "just say Good night, and I will go." "Go then, and Good night," said Deborah.

The next day Deborah sent for her. "Have you consulted your father and mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and Mrs. Sinclair and Julia, and Edmund and Ellen?" "Not one of them," replied Bertha briefly and proudly. "Then of course you cannot tell me if you will blend your fate with mine?" "I can tell you," said Bertha, "without consulting my parents, or the dear friends you have mentioned, that if the former will consent, I will engage to spend half of every year with you, Deborah, wherever it may

be, and in whatever manner; that I will dedicate to you half my time." "Just and equitable decision!" said Deborah disdainfully; "if they consent! Of what importance can it be to them? They will not care what we attempt, or what we execute. But to humour your conscientious scruples of duty and propriety, I will give you a week to meditate upon my proposal, and to consult with those by whom you wish to be directed: whatever may be your decision, mine is unalterable."

Bertha was relieved from a heavy load by this little delay, and in a week she hoped to be as decided as Deborah. She imparted every circumstance to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, who strenuously advised her by no means to enter into any engagement to reside with Deborah; though they admired her generosity towards Bertha, and believed that gratitude and a sister's strong affection prompted it: but they could not be reconciled to her numerous peculiarities both in manner and pursuits, and they dreaded the in-

fluence such an example in a secluded situation might have upon Bertha, who was only just saved from being an oddity herself.

A woman who defies the opinion of the world by any singularity of conduct, is justly stigmatized by the rational part of her own sex, as departing from those rules which modesty had prescribed to them both as their ornament and safety. There may be no impeachment upon her virtue; but if she violates the nameless "decencies" that constitute one of the charms of woman, she can neither be loved, admired, or respected. Deborah was blunt in her manner, unfeminine in her appearance, and boasted of her independence in those situations where men are usually considered not only a necessary but an honourable protection; and she equally scorned the sanction and attendance of her own sex. With such a woman, however generous had been her conduct, they could not endure that Bertha should become a constant resident; and they hoped they had said enough to dissuade her from such a

measure, should her father and mother make no opposition, for they feared their assent to any plan which would remove two daughters from them who were so little beloved; yet they wished her to consult her parents, and not to promise any thing without their opinion and sanction. Bertha did so. The division which Deborah had made of her fortune was loudly inveighed against as partial and unjust, and some insinuations were thrown out upon arts and stratagems. But the deed was executed, and deposited in the hands of a trustee; and Deborah exulted in the pain and disappointment she had caused to her sisters, and in the independence she had bestowed on Bertha, "who now," she said, "might triumph over them."

When Sir Thomas and Lady Wills had given way to their censures and astonishment, Bertha ventured to ask their opinion upon her accompanying her sister into Wales, where she proposed to reside in future, and was both mortified and disap-

pointed when the decision was carelessly left to herself. "Upon my word, child, I do not know that you can do better than live with Deborah; for you are both odd, though I must say you are rather improved lately."

Bertha checked the tears that were rising to her eyes, at the indifference and unkindness of those upon whom she had every natural claim to protection; she saw how willingly they would throw her from them; and once separated, she thought she should never never have a chance of gaining their regard, which Mrs. Herbert had so warmly urged her to endeavour to do. She now communed only with herself, and wished to propose, as she had done at first, to live half the year with Deborah. This would, she thought, sufficiently evince her gratitude to her, and leave her an equal portion of time to bestow upon her family and friends. But when she thought of her family, of the coldness and indifference with which her parents heard of the proposal of Deborah, in leaving it to her own arbitration, and the

half-implied wish that she should accept it, she said to herself : “ Of what consequence, indeed, is it to them whether I stay or go ? They do not love me, and I believe poor Deborah does. I must leave the beloved Herberts, Mrs. Sinclair, and Julia ; but I shall not lose them.”—She sate for some time alone musing upon her prospects, and in endeavouring to acquire resolution enough to assent to Deborah’s wishes. At last, hopeless and unhappy, she went to her room.

She related, as concisely as she could, the conversation that had passed with her parents ; for it pained her to dwell upon it. She saw the scornful turn of her sister’s lip. “ Did I not tell you so ? ” she said ; “ and now what is your determination ? ” “ That I will live with you, Deborah.” An agitated flush passed over her face, and she said, “ You are willing ? ” “ I consent,” replied Bertha. Deborah looked disturbed. “ But it is not gratitude alone which determines you ? ” “ O no, it is not,” said she sighing ; for she was conscious that, had her



parents but regarded her with kindness, she should have had a sufficient motive for refusing the entire devotion of her life.” “Bertha,” said Deborah, “there is a sincerity in your character I admire, a love of truth which I honour; there is no virtue without it; even if you wound me by your words, let them be ingenuous, and I shall respect you. I think,” she added smiling, “you will not find me so very eccentric a being as others have.” Bertha made no reply; she had promised, and she considered her word sacred. Deborah spoke then of her plans, and Bertha was greatly relieved when she named the following spring as the time for their leaving Albany, and her intention of travelling over Wales before they selected their residence. As Bertha left the room, Deborah held out her hand to her, and kissed her cheek. This was a mark of kindness she had never before received from her lips; and the thought that she should contribute to the happiness of one person, and evince, as much as was in her power,

the grateful sense she had of her bounty, reconciled her to the measures adopted.— Bertha had now been at home three months; and though she had sought, and still continued to seek by every attention in her power, to conciliate the affections of her parents, it was reserved for accident to effect what study could not.

The shock which Sir Thomas received in his electrical experiment was succeeded by a fit of the gout, which entirely confined him to his chamber and his easy chair. One day when Bertha had stolen in to inquire how he was, Laura, with a skip and a bound, came in also. “Well, darling,” said the fond father, “come and sit by me, and tell me what you have been doing all this morning.” “Oh, papa, I can’t stay a minute; I am going out riding, but I would just run in to say Good bye;” and away she flew down stairs. Sir Thomas looked fretful and disappointed; but the next moment in ran Laurretta. “Here’s my own darling!” he said; “she is come to sit with her poor old

father, I am sure : a'n't you, dear, come to talk to him and amuse him?" "No, I am not indeed," said she pertly; "I am going out with Laura, to ride our new ponies Castor and Pollux; and I can't sit moping here, papa, this fine morning; but I will come in the evening, and tell you all about them, and then you know you will exclaim *O Gemini!* and be so pleased!" "You will not come till I am in bed and asleep, I dare say," said Sir Thomas;—"but where's your mamma, and where are your sisters?" "They are going out in the carriage; we are all going out." What, all?" said Sir Thomas. "I am not, sir," said Bertha. "No, Bertha is not," repeated Laretta, "and I dare say she will stay with you." "Willingly," answered Bertha, "if I am permitted." "Well, Good bye, dear old daddy," said Laretta, kissing him; "Good bye, I must go; but I shall come and see you in the evening, and tell you all about the new ponies;" and away she ran. "Dear old daddy!" muttered Sir Thomas: "and so this is the way

I am *deared*, and left by myself!" "Sir?" said Bertha with a pang of grief and mortification at her heart. "Oh, I forgot you were there, child: come then, sit down." Bertha took a chair at a little distance from her father, and endeavoured to find such subjects of conversation as she thought might best amuse him; but he was peevish and uneasy; complained of twinges; said the flannels were put on so badly that they hurt him; that he had nobody to do any thing for him but his valet, who was a clumsy fellow; and as for women servants, he hated them to come near him. "Will you allow me to try, sir?" said Bertha. "You may try, child; but I don't suppose you know any thing about the gout, or how to alter the flannels, or place the pillow for my feet; be sure don't touch my toe, a feather would drive me mad."—Bertha acquitted herself so well, wrapped the flannels round the foot so lightly, placed the pillow so properly, and assisted him to change his position so easily, that, finding himself somewhat re-

lieved from pain, and pleased with her manner, he said, "Thank you, my dear child."

The epithet "dear" had never before blessed her from a father's tongue; the tears started to her eyes, and she would have kissed the lips that had uttered the precious word—but she dared not take the liberty! Sir Thomas said he was afraid she would find it very dull sitting with a cross old man. Bertha assured him she should not, if he liked her to be with him. Her greatest difficulty was to find subjects to talk upon; for Sir Thomas was no reader, and, except for the purpose of gaining some information upon chemistry and agriculture, never looked within the leaves of a book. He loved, however, to pore over a newspaper; and this morning he desired Bertha to read it to him; which she did in a tone and manner so agreeable to Sir Thomas, that he protested she might read with any body in London, and he could understand what she read much better than when he read it himself.

Sir Thomas was a zealous patriot, "as

every man," he said, "who had the honour to be born in England ought to be; it was only a Frenchman who should blush for his country. When I was on the continent," he added, "I had reason to be proud of being an Englishman; for the very name was sufficient to gain me respect and attention from every one." Bertha knew that her father liked to talk of "when he was on the continent;" and she heard the more than "twice told tale" without thinking it tedious. She then adverted to the proceedings of the late sessions of Parliament; for though Sir Thomas's oratory never exceeded the simple monosyllables *aye* or *no*, yet he was delighted to boast of what he *could* have said, had he but the lungs of other people, and to descant upon what *had* been said. So pleasantly did Bertha chat, so attentively did she listen, and so affectionately watch him and anticipate his wishes, that at parting he kissed her, and again called her his "dear child." Bertha shed tears of delight when she got to her own room.

The next day he sent for her to replace his flannels, as the servant could not do it to his satisfaction. "Come, Bertha," he said, "you put them on so properly yesterday, try today;" and again she was successful. He then told her to come and sit with him, if she had nothing better to do. "Nothing, sir, that I shall like half so well;" and she ran for her work. Sir Thomas admired the purse she was netting; and she told him she hoped when it was finished he would do her the favour to accept it, and wear it for her sake. "That I will, and fill another for you." She replied that she wished for no such return. "Why, you do not mean to persuade me," said Sir Thomas, "that *thankyou* is enough?" "Indeed I do, sir," said Bertha. "Then that is not like your sisters; they would tear my very heart out for money; and every thing they do for me I must pay for in finery or cash." After a little time, he said, "I wish Sacharissa would come and play at chess with me; but I suppose she is engaged, or may not choose to come; so I think I will

not ask her." "I will play with you, sir, if you please," said Bertha. "You! can you play at chess? who taught you?" "My brother Charles taught me the moves, and used to play with me; but when I was at the Rectory I had the advantage of playing with Mr. Herbert." "Why, this makes you ten times the girl I took you for! Come, bring the board and the men, and let us begin." During the game the twins came in. "Why, here's Bertha at chess with papa! What, are you teaching her, papa?" "No, I suspect she might teach me; she plays better than I do, I can tell you; but I must not have her beat me," said Sir Thomas with good humour, a very uncommon circumstance, considering the gout and the game; but he was delighted to find he had a daughter who so cheerfully attended to him, and acquiesced in his wishes. "Check, sir," said Bertha. "Check with a vengeance! Why, it is check mate; but don't call me sir." "Dear me!" said the twins, "I am surprised;" and away they



ran to tell their mamma how fond papa seemed of Bertha, and all they had heard and seen.

Day after day Bertha was summoned to her father's room ; her conversation amused him ; her gentleness calmed the irritability of his temper ; and her affectionate attentions assuaged, as much as possible, the torments of his disorder. He was delighted to find in his own family one who would let him have *his own way*, who was a cheerful companion, and a patient chess-player. "I must have been deceived in this child," he would say to himself ; "she is not ill-humoured and stupid, but quite the contrary."

Sacharissa, jealous at having her place at chess usurped by another whom Sir Thomas declared a superior player to herself, one evening resumed her seat. He was loth to resign his patient antagonist, who would bear defeat with good humour, and would conquer without betraying her triumph, for one whose temper, when her plans were frustrated, was more irritable than his own,

and who vauntingly exulted when victorious; but he submitted with as good a grace as he could.

When the game (which he lost) was over, he hoped to be revenged by the hand of Bertha. "Come, Sacharissa," said he, stifling his mortification at being defeated, "you shall now play with your sister, and I will look on." "There is no pleasure, you know," said Sacharissa imperiously, "in playing with a person who knows very little of the game: however, if you wish it, I will throw away a few minutes;" and she carelessly seated herself opposite to Bertha. "Well, we shall see," replied Sir Thomas with a wink. Bertha, though she seldom exerted her superior skill when opposed to her father, was not so indulgent to her sister, whose arrogance and contempt she saw were intended to pique and mortify her. Sacharissa at first affected great carelessness, and said, "It will be over in a few moves;" but she soon found that she had no inferior antagonist to contend with, and instead of a

triumph she met with a defeat. Sir Thomas exulted. "What do you say now? I hope you have had some pleasure in the game, as Bertha is not so ignorant of it as you imagined." "I consider this game nothing," said Sacharissa; "I was careless, and thrown off my guard; but I will play another." During the progress of the second, Sir Thomas chuckled with delight; and when Bertha's victorious hand made the final move, he absolutely shouted with joy. "Am I to be insulted?" exclaimed Sacharissa, rising with indignation: "I will not stay here another moment;" and, either by passion or by accident, she overturned the board upon poor Sir Thomas's foot, and flung out of the room. He screamed with torture. Bertha flew to him; words she knew were unavailing in a moment of such extreme suffering; but she stood behind his chair, gently putting her arm round his shoulder, whilst he writhed with agony; and as she leaned over him, her tears fell upon his forehead. The pain subsiding, he looked

up. "Do you cry for me, my child?" said he and he drew her face gently to his.

Lady Wills and her daughters were surprised, but by no means concerned, at the favour which Bertha had found with her father, as it released them from that constant attendance which he always required when he was confined with the gout; and though there were so many to divide what they called the trouble of a sick room, and to indulge the humours of a suffering invalid, yet "the gentle offices of patient love" were never so satisfactorily performed as by Bertha; and if Sir Thomas saw the others for a few minutes in the day, he was contented.

Lady Wills was an elaborate dresser. She had studied it as a science in the school of fashion, and believed herself complete mistress of the art; knew exactly to the nicest shade what were the colours best adapted to such and such complexions; what shaped hat or bonnet suited such a set of features; whether the hair must be

worn Grecian or Madona, cropped or flowing; she knew also what tint of rouge best became herself and Lavinia; and in the adjustment of a flower, the appointment of a feather, or the finishing of her drapery, she believed herself unequalled. One day when she had given more than usual attention to this study, and with more than usual want of success, till her temper was provoked and her patience exhausted by the fruitless efforts to pin a veil upon her head in the manner she wished, Bertha came into the room with a message from her father; and seeing her mother's distress, and hearing her expressions of despair, timidly offered her assistance; not that she believed herself possessed of any peculiar talents in the decorative art, or felt any confidence in the success of her endeavours; but she wished, if possible, to relieve her mother from her distress; and as she had observed with what simple elegance Mrs. Sinclair wore her veil, she hoped she might

be able to imitate its style, and give ease to the perturbed heart of her mother by improving her head. "You may try, child," said Lady Wills, "for I really am tired; and as for Harris, she is as stupid as a post today."—Bertha succeeded *à la merveille*; never did a veil fall so gracefully; never was any thing so becoming; and never did a countenance, from such a cause, more suddenly resume its smiles and sweetness. But "little things are great to little men," and to little women also. Bertha could scarcely understand how such a circumstance was capable of imparting so much delight; but she saw it was so, and she rejoiced at her success. Lady Wills bestowed praises in profusion. "She really must have a great deal of taste, but she wondered where she acquired it." Whether it was by instinct or reason, genius or study, it was immaterial; her mother thought she had it; and from that time she was appointed high priestess of her toilet, and was frequently called in to

assist at her sisters', except that of Sacharissa and Deborah: the first disdained her aid, and the second despised dress altogether.

However insignificant Bertha considered the services she rendered, she was happy to give pleasure, and to be commended for any thing; and in these opportunities of obliging her mother and sisters, she hoped that in time she might win their regard and affection. Sir Thomas really loved her, and her mother actually began to treat her with kindness; but her sisters, though they accepted of her attentions, felt a jealousy that usually attends little minds, and envied her that very taste which she exercised solely for their improvement: for in her own dress she was simplicity itself; her dark and glossy hair, just parted on her white forehead, fell in light waving and natural curls over her face; and her plain white frock required neither art nor management to direct its folds, or give it the peculiar sling of fashion. Anna Maria hated her on Conway's account; for she could not help ob-

serving the glances he directed towards her ; the animated and tender smile with which he welcomed her approach ; and attributing his neglect of herself to the preference he felt for Bertha, she took every opportunity to taunt and reproach her.

Henrietta was the only one who really sung (though Anna Maria attempted it when she swept her white arms over the harp) ; and the union of Bertha's rich voice in a second was not only acknowledged by the parents delightful, but at last found indispensable. Henrietta, who was very good-humoured, though full of sentimental and conceited pretensions, was pleased to find her vocal powers so much more attractive than they ever had been, by the aid of Bertha ; and whatever was the quota of applause really bestowed on her, her vanity made her take at least the half to herself, though she was compelled to yield the remainder to her sister, and confess that she had never sung so well as since she sang with her.—Sir Thomas's " Bravo and Bra-



vissimo" echoed through the room ; and he looked as well as listened with rapture.

About this time a ball was given in the neighbourhood, to which his family were invited, and he insisted upon Bertha's going with them. "There is no reason she should not," said Lady Wills ; "for she is very much improved, and I should not be ashamed of her any where." "Improved !" said Sir Thomas, and he was going to exalt her above her sisters ; but reflecting that by so doing he might displease his lady, he checked himself, and added, "Yes, she is improved indeed."

It was the first time her parents had taken her into company ; and though she gratefully felt this public introduction of her, her delight was diminished by the apprehension that she might not acquit herself to their satisfaction ; for she knew that her mother's favour had its foundation too often on that of others, and she thought she could not in any way gratify parental pride. But she soon forgot these egotistical terrors, and,

with the gaiety of fifteen, thought only of the pleasures of the dance, and the delight of spending such an evening with her beloved Charles, who was just come home for the Christmas holidays. The families from the Rectory and the Cottage were to be there, and Bertha thought she should be completely happy, if (for a doubt would arise in the midst of her most joyful anticipations) she should be so fortunate as to do nothing to offend her parents. Julia had been both her model and instructress in dancing, and she danced with modesty as well as grace.

“Who is that young lady?” said a gentleman to Sir Thomas, pointing to Bertha; “I think she came with your family.” “Do you mean that tall, awkward, dark-looking girl, who is dancing with that officer?” said Sir Thomas, who meant to have a joke, in thus affecting ignorance. “I mean that tall, handsome brunette,” he replied, “who is dancing with that officer.” “Do you think her handsome?” said Sir Thomas, smiling. “Transcendently

so," said the gentleman. "What eyes! what a mouth! how clear and animated a complexion!" "She is a very odd girl, I can tell you, and has quite deceived her father and mother." "Indeed! how'so?" "Why, they took her for an ill-natured, stupid girl, who loved nobody in the world, and so nobody loved her." "What! not her parents?" "Not they much," answered Sir Thomas, a little disconcerted at the question. "That was dreadfully unnatural," said the gentleman; "I cannot conceive how parents can dislike any of their children. Whatever may be their faults, personal or mental, I should hope they may admit of remedy; if they cannot be quite conquered, at least it is a parent's duty to attempt it; and a parent who neglects such a duty, I should call a——" "Well, well," interrupted Sir Thomas impatiently, "I tell you that we did not know her." "Sir!" said the gentleman: "*who* did not know her?" "Why, *we*; I did not know her; she is *my* daugh-

ter, my youngest, and we have only just discovered what a good girl she is: but we shall make up for all that is past," said Sir Thomas, clapping his hands. "Look at her, look how she dances." "I have been looking at her a long time," said the gentleman, "and could not help thinking with what pride her parents must survey her." "So I do, so I do," exclaimed Sir Thomas; "she is the pride and joy of my heart. Such a nurse when I had the gout! such a chess-player, that she might play with Phillidor!—She always beat me; and such a singer! I had rather hear her voice than all the Catalanis in the world."

Bertha observing that her father's eyes were directed towards her, as soon as the dance was ended, ran up to him. Her dark eyes were sparkling with pleasure, her cheek mantling with the exercise, and her rosy mouth dressed in its gayest smiles. He took her hand. "My daughter, Bertha," said Sir Thomas, presenting her. This ac-

knowledge diffused new joy throughout her bosom ; she kissed her father's hand, and bounded back to her partner.

Sir Thomas was in raptures. He went to Lady Wills. " Well, my dear," he said, " what think you of Bertha?" " What do I think? Why, I am quite surprised. She is the admiration of the whole ball-room, and I have been asked twenty times who she is. I really never expected to see her such a fine girl, and such a dancer : it is astonishing how she is improved." " I think," said Sir Thomas, " there is more in those Herberts than we imagined." " Mrs. Sinclair," said Lady Wills, " is a very clever woman, and Miss Douglas is certainly highly accomplished : altogether they have done wonders." " I declare," said Sir Thomas, " I am quite proud of her." " It is a pity she is not fair," replied the lady. " A fig for fair ! I like her just as she is ; I would not have her fair, if I could ; she beats all the fair ones out and out." Lady Wills thought with Fontenelle, that " *les héroïnes de roman*,

qui sont ce qu'il y a de plus beau dans l'imagination, sont presque toujours blondes;" and Sir Thomas, as he looked at Bertha, preferred "la beauté brune." "Whom *can* she be like?" said he. "I am sure I cannot tell," replied Lady Wills, a little mortified that no resemblance could be found; for she really thought her a very handsome girl, and, except in complexion, very much like herself. "She has my features," she said. Sir Thomas could not discover them. But as he would not risk offending the lady by dissenting in opinion, he was prudently silent; though *he* could not help thinking she was more like *his* family, and, if not exactly like himself, very much like the picture of his aunt Gertrude, who was a beauty.

Mrs. Herbert and the rest of her friends were as much delighted as her parents, though less surprised, at the admiration she excited. Charles was absolutely wild with joy, told every one that it was his sister Bertha, and, if she were not his sister, how much he should like to dance with her!

One of her partners, Colonel Cleveland, was acquainted with Conway: they had served in the same regiment, and he spoke of him with the praise which one brave officer loves to bestow upon another. I will not say how far this contributed to the happiness of the evening: but Colonel Cleveland saw the pleasure that illumined her countenance, and the interest with which she listened when he spoke of Conway, so that he dwelt the longer upon the subject.

Deborah, who had seen her when dressed for the ball, desired her to go into her room when she returned, and heard with a secret triumph the account of the evening. Bertha now progressively advanced in favour at home; and those warm feelings of the heart which had been checked in her native soil, now bloomed and expanded in the light and sunshine of affection. Poor Charles could not endure to think of her residing with Deborah, and in so remote a country as Wales. "I love her for her generosity to you," he said: "but after all, it was no more

than you deserved, and I am sure she exacts a very severe return. However, I will come and see you ; and as I shall go next year to College, I shall be able often to run into Wales."

Christmas arrived, and the promised party at the Rectory again met. Again did Edmund behold his beloved Julia, and Julia listen to that dear voice whose sounds sunk into her heart ; but they wanted that blessing which lingered in Pandora's box. Percy was again the companion of Ellen, and cheerfulness once more reigned in the friendly circle. The moments flew but too swiftly for every one, and at the end of a fortnight Edmund returned to College.

"Oh, when, my Julia, shall we meet never to part?" Julia shook her head, for she dared not trust herself to speak. "I believe at last," said Edmund, "I must turn to advantage my education and literary acquirements, and have recourse to pupils ; must endeavour to bend the stubborn twig, and train the branches of young nobility. What



say you, Julia?" "Not for me, dear Edmund, shall you adopt a plan to which I know your inclinations are averse: let us wait patiently a little longer, let us abide in hope, and all may yet be well," said she, attempting to smile: but the smile was without hope, and in the patience she prescribed she knew she could not participate. With hearts more heavily oppressed than before, they again parted: the first separation was an act of desperate necessity, and they were sustained by the conviction that it was so, while a ray of hope shone through their tears, that something favourable might occur: but it was a rainbow radiance, as bright as it was evanescent.

Months had lingered on, nothing was heard of Mr. Davenport, and even Mrs. Sinclair had ceased to mention him. Percy remained at the Rectory a few days longer than Edmund did, and then tore himself away from the magnet which attracted him. The Willses were preparing for their winter residence in London, whither Bertha was to

accompany them. "I cannot live without her," said Sir Thomas: "she is the delight of my eyes, and I long to have her the delight of others." Lady Wills was equally desirous to exhibit her in public; for, disappointed in all the marriageable schemes she had ever formed for her daughters, disheartened by perpetual failures, and despairing of finding any one sensible of charms which, having bloomed in the world of fashion for many winters, were now beginning to wither, her ambitious views rested upon Bertha, for whom she hoped and expected to form a brilliant alliance.

The taste of Madame Lanchester's school was consulted upon the most becoming style of dress: but Bertha, though she was sorry to oppose her mother's wishes, yet from her own native modesty, and those principles of delicacy which she had imbibed from the friends whom she most loved, resolutely resisted that *ingenuous* fashion which was so strenuously recommended by this mirror of the mode, and adopted by too many, even by

those in whom the blush of purity is not quite extinct. Youth is in itself sufficiently lovely without the aid of art : let its handmaids be Simplicity and Modesty, and it cannot fail to charm. When Bertha's dark and glossy ringlets had received their proper fashion, a flower was all she would add, and nothing could prevail upon her to expose a form which even the Graces might have envied. Lady Wills insisted that all the girls whom she knew wore their frocks so and so ; and that she would see no one dressed like herself. Still Bertha was resolute ; and Lady Wills was obliged to trust to the captivations of her face and figure, instead of those allurements which are generally employed to catch the eye, but which never won a heart.

“ Oh !” says a celebrated female writer, “ if women in general knew what was their real interest ! if they could guess with what a charm even the *appearance* of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from self-love, if not from principle. The designing world assume modesty as an

artifice, the coquet would adopt it as an allurement, the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction." Since the abolition of "the tucker," beauty has not *advanced*, but rather diminished in its influence; and I fear in this age of nudity, that the edict which was published by the senate in ancient Greece to deter women from the commission of suicide, by commanding that their bodies should be exposed in the streets, would not have much effect. Of this fashion, which prevails among our belles of the present day, I will make no further remark, than by quoting the words of the Spectator: "What their design by it is, they themselves best know."

Notwithstanding the unbecoming and unfashionable modesty of Bertha's dress, which Lady Wills so often and so pathetically inveighed against, though at the same time she confessed that, under all its disadvantages, she was really one of the handsomest girls in London, she attracted attention and admira-

tion wherever she went, and was soon selected by a young man of rank and fashion and fortune sufficient to realize the highest wishes of her mother : but to his proposals, though sanctioned by his family, Bertha gave a decided negative, and solely for the very old-fashioned reason, she did not love him. " But you may love him," said Lady Wills. " I myself did not particularly love your father when I married him : my friends wished me, and I had no objection, and you see how happy we are." Bertha thought the experiment a hazardous one. With her warm ebullient heart, she wished to love the man whom she married, and she was romantic enough to believe that happiness could not be the result of a union without love : but she had not very deeply reasoned upon the subject till the proposal of marriage was made, and her mother's arguments obliged her to reflect. Again, she was obstinate in her decision ; yet still, though Sir Thomas wondered, and his lady fretted, they could not forbear loving her.

“ I am sure,” said Sir Thomas, “ she knows best, though I cannot understand it.” “ Why, no, Sir Thomas, I do not think she does know best ; we did not choose or think for ourselves, but married because our parents wished it : and really, as the world goes, I think we cannot say we have been very unhappy, though to be sure . . . .” — Sir Thomas, who had felt a little flattered by some part of her ladyship’s observation, was beginning to smile with great complacency, when the unfortunate *though to be sure*, which seemed to threaten the declaration of some circumstances subtracting from their sum of happiness, hastily replied, “ Yes, my dear, we have been very happy, very happy indeed ! but I should not care if Bertha did marry a man she loved. I think it would be as well, — though we have been very happy.” Bertha was immoveable in her decision, and the subject ended.

While the winter was passing gaily in London, at Albany it was slowly wearing itself away. All that Julia could attain was

an intellectual calm, a repose of spirit without any positive enjoyment. It is true, she read, she played, she sung, and conversed, with as much apparent composure as she could assume ; but her aunt frequently detected the tear stealing down her cheek, and her voice tremulous from emotion. Mrs. Sinclair's attentions to her were more kind and tender, if it were possible, than ever : she herself appeared cheerful ; but she did not speak of hope to Julia, or encourage one expectation which might lead to happiness and Edmund. Ellen sate with her friend, walked with her, and wept with her. This participation not only soothed the spirits of Julia, but frequently induced an exertion to conquer her own depression, that she might not uselessly give sorrow to a bosom which so deeply sympathized in her own. Mr. Herbert seemed to have recovered his serenity, and Mrs. Herbert was generally composed, though serious and thoughtful.

Spring once more returned, decking the fields with blossoms, and gladdening the hu-

man heart with hope : even Julia felt its enlivening influence ; and as she traversed the lanes and woods luxuriant in the beauties of nature, her cheek resumed its glow of health, and her spirits became animated.

One morning, when letters were brought, one in a hand unknown was directed for her ; she had laid it upon the table, impatient to peruse the transcripts of her Edmund's soul, when her aunt's eye glancing over it, she uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. Julia instantly broke the seal, and read the signature of Davenport. Its purport was to inform her that, having made strict inquiries concerning the manner in which her aunt had educated her, and having reason to be satisfied with it, as well as with her general good conduct, and her aunt's prudence in not permitting her to see one whose very existence was a disgrace to her, he was induced to show her some attention, and by the *rights of a father* to desire that she should, if he found her such as he hoped, in future reside with him, and commanding her to set



off for London the next day, giving her a direction in one of the obscure streets near Fleet-street. He added, as he did not think it proper for her to travel alone, and as he could not spare Patrick from him lest he should have a fit in his absence, that her own maid, if she had one, might accompany her to the last stage, when he himself would meet her; and her servant might return to Albany, as he did not choose that she should have any stranger to him about her, and he had provided quite as many servants as they should want. He desired that Mrs. Sinclair would accept his thanks for the care she had taken of Julia, and be assured of his respect; but he could not forget that she was the sister of a very worthless woman, and as such he never wished to see her.

Julia sate in speechless agony, her eyes fixed on her aunt, to whom she had given the letter. "What must I do?" she at length said. "The path of duty, my dearest Julia," said her aunt, "is always straight, though it may not be smooth. It is your

father who demands you: you know how anxiously I have wished for this acknowledgement; and now that my wish is fulfilled, do not disappoint my hopes." After a struggle with her emotions, she said, "Yes, my dear aunt, I will be worthy of her to whom I owe every thing. I will go. When shall I go?..... But Edmund!".....As she pronounced his name, her fortitude forsook her, and she sunk motionless at the feet of her aunt. When she recovered, a shower of tears relieved her, and she renewed the subject of her departure. If it must take place the next day, it was impossible to inform Edmund in time to allow of his seeing her; and Mrs. Sinclair, who feared any thing that might shake her resolution, was rather rejoiced at this circumstance, and expressed her opinion that there ought to be no delay. Julia dwelt with sorrow upon the prohibition which would prevent her seeing her aunt in London; but Mrs. Sinclair bade her remember that it did not extend to their meeting, and she herself could not regret that Mr. Davenport had no

wish to see her. "You will be permitted to visit me, my Julia, both in London (when I may be there) and at Albany. We have no reason to infer from your father's letter, that he will deny you to me, or that you are never to quit him : his house is to be your home ; but trust me you will often be at mine, and it is not probable that he will refuse the visits of Edmund." Julia endeavoured to admit the hopes and adopt the opinions of her aunt ; but she could not succeed, and she was wretched. "What a comfort will this intelligence be to your poor mother !" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair. "At last she will know that one stain is expunged." Even Julia's heart glowed with a sensation of pleasure at this reflection ; and summoning all her fortitude, she began to make arrangements for her departure, in which Mrs. Sinclair busily and almost cheerfully assisted.

This intelligence was received with surprise and sorrow at the Rectory ; but whilst the elder ones reasoned and were reconciled, Ellen and Julia felt and deplored. Mrs. Sin-

clair was astonished at the part of the town Mr. Davenport had chosen for his residence, as formerly he had an utter contempt for every thing within Temple Bar; it was a mystery she could not unravel; but supposing it was for some temporary convenience, she did not much perplex herself about it. The suddenness of Julia's removal, and the active exertions necessary to accomplish it, occupied her thoughts too much to allow her time for any settled reflections; and after a short letter to Edmund, blotted with her tears, she pursued the preparations for her journey with that steadiness of purpose which our duties demand. But when the morning came, when she was pressed to the really maternal bosom of her aunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and heard their half-murmured blessings; when she received the last kiss of her Ellen, her Edmund's sister, and felt her tears upon her cheek, her own emotions amounted to agony; she found her spirits sinking, and her resolution faltering: "My Julia!" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair in a

tone tender yet reproachful, and with that elevated look which ever marked her elevated soul..... "Yes, *your* Julia," she replied ; and tearing herself away, she sprang into the chaise that was waiting.

The journey passed without any accident, and at noon on the second day she was met by her father at the place he had appointed. He received her with excessive agitation, and with some degree of tenderness. "I am glad your aunt has taught you to obey," he said ; "that is the first duty of woman." He desired that her servant might be sent back to Albany, as she would not be wanted : and the poor girl, who had been brought up from her childhood with Mrs. Sinclair, and almost adored Julia, was so much affected at the parting, that Julia wept also : she felt as if she was bidding adieu to the last being who really loved her ; and when she returned to the room, traces of tears were so visible in her eyes, that, looking angrily at her, Mr. Davenport said, "I hate to see people whimper ; I must have no cry-

ing and nonsense !"—At unkindness Julia's spirit ever rose, and the tears that affection had excited were instantly dried by harshness. She was silent ; but her high look and glowing cheek spoke her feelings. "A good spirit, I dare say," muttered Mr. Davenport.

They travelled in a hack chaise; and Patrick, who rode upon the bar, frequently turned his head to look at them. The kindness of the good fellow's countenance had something in it so consoling, that Julia could not help repeating to herself from Don Quixote, "His face is like a blessing." During their journey Mr. Davenport spoke but little ; Julia was usually disposed to be silent ; and after some fruitless efforts at conversation, both sunk into a deep reverie. Julia could not forbear remarking the extreme shabbiness of her father's dress, and the neglect even of personal cleanliness, though Patrick was both smart and neat.

When they arrived in London the lamps were lighting ; but they rather served to

make "darkness visible" in the street into which they drove. "I dare say," said Mr. Davenport, as he led the way up a narrow staircase into a small sitting-room, "you expected to see a handsome house with a great many puppies of footmen, and idle hussies of servants." "Not in —— street," replied Julia. "Then you are not disappointed."

Patrick brought in a single candle, and, as he placed it on the table, hoped she was not fatigued with her journey. Mr. Davenport ordered dinner immediately, and, as he was very cold, had placed himself fronting the fire, and so close to it as entirely to exclude Julia, who was sitting by the table. "Come," he said, suddenly seeming to recollect her, and giving way a little, "come to the fire; I have been so long accustomed to live alone, that I forgot you." Julia drew her chair to the side, and made some effort at conversation, spoke of the badness of the roads, and the coldness of the evening. "I hate such trite subjects," he said.

She acknowledged they were trite ; and hoping to be more successful in her next attempt, she spoke as well as she could of the state of Europe, of the continental war, and of public affairs both foreign and domestic. “ I am no politician,” he said, “ and I do not like women to interfere with the affairs of state.” “ One more attempt,” thought Julia, “ and if I fail here, I have done.” Knowing that for the last seventeen years he had been abroad, she inquired about the different countries, their climate and manners. “ How can I tell you,” he surlily replied, “ when I was in a prison half that time?” Julia spoke no more: but the mortification which she felt gave place to pity ; and seeing in her father a man, though morose by nature, yet rendered still more so by suffering, a sigh of grief and tenderness escaped her. He looked at her ; and she thought there was a gleam of kindness in the expression of his face, which partly dispelled the uneasiness his ill-humoured answers had excited.

Dinner was brought in, consisting of the



remains of a cold leg of mutton and some potatoes. He placed himself at the top of the table, and told Julia to sit by him. She was not much inclined to eat, but endeavoured to swallow a few morsels, that she might not offend her father, who could not forbear indulging his splenetic humour, by saying he supposed she was too much accustomed to delicacies to relish his plain fare ; but if she had known, as he had, what it was to live on bad bread and dirty water, she would be glad of any thing she could get. She assured him how little she regarded delicacies, but that she was too much fatigued to eat.

Patrick had put a small decanter of wine upon the table, and now, under pretence of placing it better, moved it nearer Julia, with a look which she understood, but of which she did not avail herself. Finding that his master did not offer to help her, he ventured to speak. " Do, my dear master, take a glass of wine, for I am sure you want it ; and perhaps your darter will pledge you." The hint succeeded, and her fa-

ther helped her. Mr. Davenport desired the mutton to be removed ; when Patrick brought in a nice omelet, the very smoke of which had a look of comfort. " Here, sir," he said, " here is something I know you are very fond of—and I have made it myself." Then, with an expressive glance at Julia, he gave her a hot plate, and begged her to lose no time, as it would be good for nothing if she did.

" I shall be ruined," said Mr. Davenport. " Who told you to buy eggs? eggs at sixpence apiece? —I can't afford it." " Never mind, never mind," said Patrick—" Pray eat, and do help your darter—my own hens laid them on purpose."

In speaking of Julia, Patrick never failed to call her his " darter," " Miss Julia, his darter," " that sweet angel, his *dar-ter*," " that picture of himself, his darter : " and when Mr. Davenport would sometimes in a savage mood ask whom he meant, Patrick would shrug his shoulder, wink his eye, and smile, and say " Why, your honour, you know as well as I do ; there is but one in the world

that I ever saw like you, and that is your own sweet darter, Julia." Whether any one else saw the resemblance, is immaterial. Patrick established the faith of it in Mr. Davenport's mind; and the perpetual mention of his darter familiarized him to her idea, and directed all his thoughts and affections towards her; for some affections he had, obscured as they were by the fogs of misanthropy and a bad temper.

Julia requested to have tea early, and then retire to bed; she also asked for the servant who was to attend her. "Send her up with a candle," said Mr. Davenport to Patrick; and taking Julia's hand, which she held out to him, he coldly bade her good night. The servant who brought the light was dirty, ill-looking, and, she found, the only one in the lodgings, performing every office required of her from scullion to lady's maid whenever any lady happened to be there. After leaving the candle, she was dismissed. Julia's room was in an upper floor, and over her

father's. When she looked at her bed, she shrunk from the thoughts of committing herself to its repose. What a contrast did it present to the pure white of that which she had been accustomed to sleep in! But she was fatigued both in mind and body; and knowing that rest was absolutely requisite to enable her to support the trials of her situation, she undressed; and wrapping herself up in a large calico dressing-gown, and enveloping her head and face in a handkerchief that she might not be so sensible of the dirty smells which surrounded her, she consigned herself to sleep, and found in it a few hours blessed oblivion of care.

In the morning she took out of her trunks some work and books; for she knew that only by occupation should she be able to beguile the heavy hours of the day. On entering the room, she found her father already there; and apologizing for making him wait, as he was sitting quite unemployed when she went in, she was going to take her

seat at the breakfast table, when he told her he always liked to make the tea himself.

Julia was wondering in her own mind at the motives which could induce him to send for her. He seemed to live in such obscurity, that there was no one to introduce her to as his daughter. Then wherefore the acknowledgement? Every thing also had the appearance of poverty; that poverty of which she knew he had a dread when he came to England; and thinking he must have nearly exhausted his fortune, she feared she should be a burthen to him; and as he neither allowed her to preside at any meal, nor seemed to derive any pleasure from conversation, how could she be either useful or companionable? While she was indulging this train of reflection, a loud rap was heard. Patrick suddenly opened the door, and announced "The dear gentleman who saved your honour's life." "Mr. Percy?" said Mr. Davenport. "No; your honour's last life I mean."

At that moment Edmund was on the top of the stairs, and Julia in his arms. "What

does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Davenport in a passion. "It is *now* my turn to apologize," said Edmund with a graceful dignity of manner, "for an intrusion into your apartment; but my impatience to see Miss Douglas admitted of no delay." "Davenport," he replied vehemently; "her name is no longer Douglas, if she conducts herself to my satisfaction. But tell me, sir, what you are come for?" "To see Miss——Davenport," said Edmund (the name struggling for utterance), "openly to avow my claims, and solicit the sanction of her father." "I suspected as much," said Mr. Davenport, "I suspected as much, and I was determined against it;—I never liked you from the first; I never liked your manner; I never liked your behaviour to me; it was proud, and high, and very improper, and my daughter shall never be your wife; I have other views for her." "I am sorry, sir," said Edmund, "that my *whole* conduct has been so unfortunate as to incur your disapprobation." "Heaven bless your worthy

heart!" said Pat, who overheard the last sentence as he came into the room. "Why, where would my master be at this moment had it not been for you? I am sure I don't know," added he significantly; "but death, I look upon it, is a thing that won't better many of us, and I am sure I am glad you saved my poor master from being kilt by the wheels that were going to run over his dear body: you saved his sweet soul at the same time." "Get out of the room this instant," said Mr. Davenport. "I am going," said Pat calmly; "but I like to speak a bit of my mind when others seem to me to be out of theirs."

Julia expected to see furious marks of displeasure in Mr. Davenport at this freedom of his servant: but he only muttered some incoherent words to himself; and then speaking to Edmund in a tone somewhat more moderate than that in which he had before addressed him, but with a decided air, told him that his daughter was now under *his protection*, and he should neither admit

nor encourage any one to visit her whom he did not approve. Julia cast on Edmund a look of hopeless anguish; when her father rising suddenly was going to ring the bell, but the next moment fell speechless on the floor. Patrick was summoned, who took him up in his arms and carried him to his bed, saying, "Ah! this comes all along of his violence and vehemence and passion; but cheer up, my dear lady and gentleman; you have a friend in Pat, who will stand by you to the last moment." Julia was following; but as Patrick said that he wanted no assistance, and could best manage him alone, she returned immediately to Edmund.

The instant that Edmund received her letter, acquainting him with her father's claiming her, and her departure, he set off for London, to assert his rights as a lover, and to obtain her father's approbation of his views. "To see you again, my Julia," said he, "under any circumstance, I should have thought contained some portion of bliss; but to see you in such a habitation, under



the care of such a man, (for he is undeserving the title of your father,) is agony, all agony ! And what is his object ? To have a being with him over whom he may tyrannize ; whom he will endeavour to bend to his will, or who will feel his revenge ; and who, submitting to all his caprices, will yet fail to give pleasure. And is this your lot, my Julia ? you, whose affection is a blessing, whose society is a world ; you, born to be the friend, the companion of the virtuous and the wise, thus wasting your days in obscurity and misery ! And what is the motive ? what are the end and aim of this extraordinary plan ? How could Mrs. Sinclair consent ? Did she know what a place....”

“ Oh ! ” said Julia, “ do not for a moment question my aunt’s motives, or ascribe to them aught that is not just and prudent. It is to her will that I now conform, and in acting by her directions I am supported by the conviction that it is right ; the end and aim I confess I see not.”—“ I will immediately, my Julia,” said Edmund, “ adopt

some measures that will rescue you from this bondage, this dreadful situation. These parental claims are too newly acknowledged to be binding. I shall assert mine, Julia; and as soon as I have a house to offer you, I shall demand that hand so long promised, so indissolubly pledged." "But if a father objects?" "He is no father, but by name and nature; you cannot, must not be directed by him: promise me again that no opposition will induce you to swerve from your vows to me—vows registered in heaven, and sanctioned by those dearest to us on earth: promise me, Julia, or I cannot quit this spot." Julia held out her hand: "It is yours, Edmund, it shall never be another's." "Mine whenever I can claim it?" "I hope so," she replied. A few minutes more of tears and protestations were all that Julia would indulge herself in, or allow to Edmund; and after one long, one last embrace they separated.

When he was gone, she remained for some minutes fixed to the spot where he

had breathed and looked his last adieus. The room itself had now acquired an interest which only he could give; his presence had consecrated every thing in it; the place he had occupied she made her own, and his image was in every thing she looked upon. He could also picture to himself where she sate, and where she thought of him; and she derived a satisfaction from these workings of the imagination. Edmund's image would thus cheer her solitary moments, sooth her sad ones, and sustain her in those of trial.—As soon as she could assume sufficient composure, she stole into her father's room, where Patrick was still in attendance chafing his feet and applying warm flannels to his body. "I would have come before," said Julia, "had you not told me that I could be of no service." "Ah, bless your heart!" replied Patrick, "I thought you a dale better employed; and so I would not ask you." "Not better," said Julia with a sigh. "But pleasanter, miss." Julia shook her head. "Come, cheer up," he said, "things may be better in time."

Julia assisted Patrick in those things which he said usually recovered his master; and circulation and sense returning, he gazed wildly on Julia, calling her Matilda. When he came to his perfect recollection, he inquired if any one was in the house, if *he* was gone. "There is no one whom I know but Patrick in the house," replied Julia. Her father seemed satisfied, and desired to be dressed, as he wished to get up; which was his custom soon after the fit had passed off. A heaviness and stupor succeeded; but he suffered no pain, and his words were coherent, though few. It was about the hour of dinner. He said he could eat none, but that she might. Patrick, however, had provided something nice for her; upon which Mr. Davenport made no comment.

She had been in this uncomfortable abode about a fortnight, without seeing any other persons than her father and Patrick, and the people of the house (who kept a small shop of turnery and brushes), and without once walking out; for though Mr. Daven-

port generally went out once a day with Patrick, he had not intimated a wish that she should accompany him. This deprivation of those blessings to which she had been so long habituated, air and exercise, and the absence of all social enjoyments; the hopeless separation from Edmund; and the capricious tyranny that induced her father to claim her, affected both her health and spirits. She had heard from Mrs. Sinclair, who earnestly conjured her to support herself with fortitude, to bear up against every evil with that magnanimity which she believed her to possess; to oppose moderation to violence, and meekness to tyranny; but at the same time to blend dignity with sweetness, and patience with obedience. "I trust," she added, "that your present trials will be but of short duration, that we shall meet again in happiness greater than any we have yet known: but if you gain no higher reward, the consciousness of performing your duty will be a rich and never-failing

one. Your poor mother is consoled by my last intelligence.”—Ellen also wrote, and told her of her brother’s plans, which he was endeavouring to put into effect as soon as possible. Her letter exhorted her to hope and cheerfulness. “Alas !” said Julia, pressing the letters to her lips, “where shall I find either but in these dear pages?” Edmund also wrote, and the same arguments were enforced, and the same entreaties used.

In replying to these letters a few of her melancholy hours were beguiled: but though melancholy, they were the most pleasant she passed; for when her father returned, either fatigued by his walk or from some other causes, his countenance seldom wore the expression that communicated gladness, and his manner generally implied discontent. “I wish it were possible,” one day said Julia, “to do any thing to amuse you, sir; can you propose something? I can play a little at piquet, and at backgammon, and at chess.” “And at tetotum and pushpin, I suppose?”

said he surlily. "Perhaps I can," said Julia smiling, intending to parry off his ill-humour by an affected gaiety. "I will not be trifled with," he replied; "I tell you I hate cards and all kinds of games." "Shall I read to you, sir?" said Julia with composure. "I cannot attend if you do; I was told you could sing, but *I* never heard you." "Sing!" thought Julia, "it would be indeed a song and melody in my heaviness!" Imagining her father wished to hear her sing, she summoned up her spirits, and began "Evelyn's Bower." When she had done, he started up and beat his head. "I cannot bear that; why did you sing it? You made it on purpose." Julia had unguardedly begun this song without reflecting upon the tale which it told, a tale which she too soon understood her father applied. She assured him how concerned she was, and instantly commenced a little Troubadour song, so gay, so martial, so full of spirit, that her father's countenance became animated; and when Patrick came in with tea, he adapted his step to the music,

smiling as he did so, with a look of joy and exultation. When she had ceased, Mr. Davenport thanked her, and praised her voice; and Patrick said, "Ah, it is something like singing! how rarely she would sing with a harp!" She was glad she had found out a means of amusing him, and hoped by studying his temper to discover the chord which was capable of being awakened to pleasurable sensations.

The next day she was surprised to see Patrick bringing up with great difficulty a harp. Julia could scarcely forbear smiling at the idea of such an instrument in a room so small and uncomfortable; but she welcomed it as a probable means by which she might, like another Saul, sooth a perturbed spirit. "Did my father order this to be sent, Patrick?" "Ah, my dear lady, we ordered it together; for I could not bear to hear that sweet voice of yours without something to set it going: so I made bold to spake my opinion to my master, and he ordered me to order it this morning; which



I did without any loss of time." She was running her fingers over the strings when her father entered the room ; and rising, she held out both her hands in acknowledgement of the kindness. "Thank Patrick," he said drily. "I will thank him in a song," said Julia ; and after repairing its strings, and tuning it, she began—

"Remember the glories of Brien the brave."

"Ah," said Patrick, "that Brien was a relation of mine ; my name is Judy O'Brien by my mother's side, and Patrick O'Reilly by my father's." He felt the compliment to his native country, and he bowed with the grace of a Corporal Trim.

The instrument, indifferent as it was, beguiled many an hour, and imparted a double pleasure to her bosom, when she thought of the kindness of her father in procuring it, and the evident satisfaction with which he listened to her songs. The airs she chose were generally lively ; for she found that they

were the most agreeable to Mr. Davenport, and, though not in unison with the state of her own spirits, the most serviceable to them. One day, when she had been playing for some time, she suddenly dropped upon the instrument, and nearly fainted. Mr. Davenport rung the bell, and hastened to her assistance: hanging over her with every expression of alarm, he chafed her temples, and kissed her cheek, calling her his Julia, his dear child! A little water and opening the window revived her. "Oh, this has been a blessed sight," said Patrick, "to see you with your own dear darter in your arms! But, for my part, I don't wonder at all at all at her being ill, considering that she has now been shut up in this street, and never so much as out of the house, for a month, and all the time she has been so good-natured! Why, it would kill a cat or a dog! And then the Temple gardens are so near: I wonder your honour does not take her there." "We will go there now," said Mr. Daven-

port. “And I will attend you,” answered Patrick, “and take care of you both, by killing two birds with one stone.”

Julia was rejoiced to leave the close room in which she had literally been confined ever since she had been in London, for the refreshing air which came across the Thames, and the sight of earth and sky. The mignonette with which these gardens so profusely abound was just beginning to bloom, and diffused an odour which stole over her senses, and reminded her of her own garden at Albany. She sighed deeply at the recollection; but observing the eye of her father suddenly directed at her, she checked herself, and spoke of the beauty of the garden, and the beneficial effects of the air. They now frequently walked here; and with her harp, work, and a little exercise, Julia found her situation more tolerable. Reading she could but seldom indulge in, as her father had an aversion to the sight of a book; and as he did not read himself, he did not choose another should. One morning, when some let-

ters were brought to Julia, he said that he did not approve of women having correspondents, it was a waste of time and money. Julia made no answer; but after this she found that Patrick placed her letters under her work-box, and told her that those she wished to go to the post-office might as well be put in the same place.

Soon after her father informed her that he expected a very old friend to dine with him, and desired her harp might be in its best tune, as he hoped she would be in her best spirits. It was the first time he had ever expressed a wish to have her cheerful, and she was determined to make every effort to comply. She inquired if she could give any orders respecting dinner? But he told her that Patrick always did that; and she was astonished at the variety and elegance of their little table, the luxurious choice of wines, and the variety of the dessert. The gentleman, who was introduced by the name of Midford, appeared to be about sixty, and one of the most elegant men of the old school;

polite and courteous in his manner, graceful in his deportment, and his conversation abounding in anecdotes of the wits and beaux and beauties of his youthful days. Julia listened with gratified attention, and made her comments and inquiries so sensibly and judiciously, that he seemed equally pleased with her, and her father was evidently delighted. Mr. Midford begged to be *her* auditor ; and, taking her harp, she sung one of her father's favourite airs. Mr. Midford, when he took his leave, inquired in a low voice, how she left Mrs. Sinclair. "Do you know her?" said Julia in the same tone. He put his finger on his lips as imposing silence, and went away.

Mr. Midford had been the school-fellow and friend of Mr. Davenport ; their intimacy continued through every variation of their lives ; for, with the usual indulgence which men show to each other's failings, he viewed in the intemperate sallies of Mr. Davenport, the licentiousness of his conduct, the cruelty with which he treated his wife, and his ulti-

mate neglect of her, but the customary and venial faults of human nature. Though he saw that Matilda and Davenport were paired, not matched; though he frequently thought that by some men her errors might have been corrected; and though he sincerely lamented the guilty catastrophe; yet he never was just enough to ascribe the consequences to the true cause; but, with the rest of the world, talked of a husband's violated honour, a seducer's breach of hospitality, and a wife's depravity! The many proofs he witnessed of similar delinquencies steeled his heart against all the attractions of the fair sex, and with a very large patrimonial property he still remained unencumbered with a wife. He mixed in the fashionable circles, frequented clubs, loved conversation, read when he had leisure, rode, drove about the parks, and felt his vanity gratified by seeing the many lures which were spread by mammas and their daughters to win the rich bachelor;—but though he would sometimes humour the whim of sentiment, and flatter

beauty; yet the gallantry of his attentions never exceeded a compliment, or a kiss on the hand. Though not intimate with Mrs. Sinclair, yet he was well acquainted with those who were, and he had sometimes met her in company: he had also seen Julia, and he admired both her and her aunt.

When Mr. Davenport left the inn, whither he had followed Julia, he hastened to London, in order, if possible, to discover Mr. Midford, and make those inquiries of him which were to determine his future notice or neglect of his daughter. By the help of a Court Guide he discovered his residence, and had the pleasure of being heartily welcomed by an old friend, who had long imagined him dead. From him Mr. Davenport learnt in what manner Mrs. Sinclair had educated Julia, the admiration which her beauty excited, and the fame of her accomplishments. Mr. Midford strongly urged his acknowledging her, and introducing her into those circles which she was so fitted to adorn. He saw in Mr. Daven-

port a gloomy, discontented, and unallied being ; and he thought that nothing could so effectually conquer such miserable feelings, and attach him to society, as the presence and conversation of a young and lovely daughter. Mr. Davenport said that he was very poor, he was afraid he had scarcely a thousand pounds left of his property ; for he had drawn upon his agent very largely when he first left England, and had kept no account of the sums. Mr. Midford advised an immediate and strict investigation into his affairs, and assisted him in his research. The result was, that he took cheap lodgings in an obscure part of London, and demanded his daughter.

As soon as Mr. Midford was gone, Mr. Davenport asked how she liked him ; and the candid and liberal praise which Julia bestowed upon his friend gave evident pleasure to her father. “ He is my only friend,” said her father, “ and I love him : if I had not, I should not have allowed such a dinner ; it was too much, a great deal too much ; more



than I can afford." When Patrick came into the room, Mr. D. inquired angrily how he came to provide such a grand dinner ; saying that they must all pinch for a week for it. "Why, it was all to do honour to your good friend Mr. Midford. I have heard you often say that he was the only one you cared for in the world, (before you knew Miss Julia,) and I could not come for to go for to think of giving him just a little bit of mate and a bone. But I will live upon potatoes for the next week, to make up ; it will be nothing to me ; they are my own dear country's precious fruit, and I love them as the apple of my eye. So don't fret, master, you sha'n't be ruined for my fault."

Julia really began to be uneasy at the frequent mention of her father's poverty, and thought how imprudent it was of him to require her to live with him, when he could scarcely support himself : sometimes there would not be enough to satisfy a very moderate appetite, yet he would grumble at the profusion ; and though Patrick generally

contrived, by a little after dish, to supply the deficiency of the first, he constantly received rebukes for his extravagance; and Julia frequently thought the poor fellow furnished it from his own allowance, or purchased it by his own privation. She had mentioned to him her father's very shabby appearance, and neglect of his person, and asked him if he could not prevail upon him to be neater. "He is very clean, I can assure you, miss, notwithstanding his old coat and waistcoat. You do not know what a bathe he has every morning, and the quantities of fine linen he wears; but he has taken a fancy to that coat, and I cannot get it off his back." Julia had observed that his frill and neckcloth were always in neat folds, and that he appeared to be nice in his linen; but the coat and waistcoat destroyed their effect, and in such a threadbare garb she saw distress and poverty. She once ventured to hint her uneasiness at being the cause of any additional expense to him, and that it would be better for her to return to Albany.

“You want to leave me,” he said; “I knew how it would be.” “No, sir,” said Julia, “I do not want to leave you if my company is any comfort or happiness to you; but in your present pecuniary distresses I must be an additional burthen upon you; allow me then to apply to my aunt for a little assistance, I know her power, I know her heart.” “Apply to her!” he said: “I would sooner perish!” Julia was silent; but she was resolved to represent her father’s situation to her; and she knew that from her liberal purse she should be supplied with the means of ministering to his necessities, and preventing the privations to which poor Patrick submitted for her sake and his master’s.

Mr. Midford frequently called, and was sometimes invited to share their scanty meals: but he generally declined it; and Julia thought it was because he knew her father’s distressed circumstances. The society and conversation of Mr. Midford, the frequent letters which she always found care-

fully deposited under her work-box, the sudden starts of kindness in her father, and the increasing interest which she flattered herself he felt for her, with her occasional walks in Temple gardens, rendered her abode much more tolerable than she had yet found it, and proved to her that from every situation, and under every circumstance, some happiness may be extracted ; that the mind which has resources in itself will always employ them ; that the temper, however thwarted and thrown off its balance, will resume its equilibrium ; and that the heart, however bowed down by the pressure of affliction, will return to its former elasticity. She found that her cheerfulness always pleased her father ; and therefore she had a motive for preserving it, though sometimes she feigned what she did not feel.

Edmund had taken a house near Cambridge, and was making preparations for the reception of pupils ; he had already the promise of two. He wrote to her, " In October, Julia, you will be of age, and then

no father can prevent your being my wife; if your ideas of duty will not suffer me to call you mine before." Mrs. Sinclair had suggested to them both the propriety and expediency of waiting till that period; and reluctantly Edmund promised to do so, *unless* he could prevail on Julia to give him her hand previously. "Why should she wait till then? What will she gain? Were there mines of wealth to descend to her, they would be dearly purchased by her present sacrifices." "The law will give her at least her liberty," said Mrs. Sinclair, "and wait, dear Edmund, till then." But all that she could exact from him was a conditional promise,—if Julia would not previously consent.

Mrs. Sinclair, in the absence of Julia, had recourse to those varied amusements and occupations which the rich stores of her mind so abundantly supplied; and as her health was much improved, she could add exercise to the other pursuits of the day; and the Herberts seldom allowed her to be in

solitude. In submitting to the deprivation of Julia, and consenting to her departure, she was guided by what she conceived to be an invincible duty, and an imperious necessity: upon such principles she never hesitated for a moment how to act, and she trained up Julia to be governed by the same. Of Mr. Davenport's property she was totally ignorant: it had been very great, but it might be all squandered away: her object was, that Julia might have honourable and legal claims to a father's protection, and a daughter's name; that her sister's guilt might at least be wiped from her brow, and that Edmund and his family might not blush to own her. From the caprice and versatility of Mr. Davenport's character, she did not think she would have been permitted to stay many weeks; and she was surprised that nearly three months had transpired, and she was not desired to depart. She very much regretted that he had chosen such a residence, and the necessity that appeared to compel him to do so; but it was extraordinary, she thought,

that he should demand his daughter in such a situation, where his pride could not be gratified by introducing her, and as he must, by sharing his pittance with another, abridge his own comforts. Still it was her *duty*, Mrs. Sinclair thought, to make the experiment of a residence with him, and, at least till she was of age, to submit to his wishes; and she hoped that the same reasoning which reconciled her to the measures adopted, would reconcile Julia also. She proposed making an allowance for her board, if Mr. Davenport would consent to it; but when this was hinted to him, a violent fit of passion was the consequence, and Julia never more resumed the subject. She ventured to offer Patrick some money in order to provide for the table, hinting at her supposing he distressed himself: but he strenuously refused it; and she wondered at the extraordinary pride that prevailed even over necessity.

Letters from Albany had informed her of the departure of Bertha, with Deborah, for Wales, and of the reluctance with which her

father and mother at last consented to it ; for she had so effectually gained their affections, that even Lavinia and the twins began to be neglected for her. Ellen wrote, that she thought the partiality of her parents would, but for this separation, have been productive of more misery to the poor girl than even their dislike had been ; for it was carried to such an excess, that the jealousy of her sisters was awakened, and their animosity knew no bounds. She added that Bertha and Deborah were still travelling about in search of a residence ; that Bertha wrote of the constant kindness with which she treated her, but lamented her eccentricities. She was delighted with Wales, but wanted her Ellen and Julia.

It was now the month of August, and in a close dark lodging in Fleet-street the weather was peculiarly oppressive. Poor Julia used to gasp for the fine air of the country, and say to herself, “ O for a lodge in some vast wilderness ! ” But her father never appeared to hear her sighs, or to



understand that any thing more could be wished for. He sometimes called her his only comfort, and his dear child ; and these occasionally tender epithets soothed her heart, and made her endure all the privation of blessings to which she had been accustomed, and of which the season more particularly made her sensible. Unable to understand his motives for wishing for her society, and feeling how little enjoyment he seemed to derive from it, she sometimes thought it was a mere whim, which another day, another hour might terminate, and that she should be ordered to return to Albany and her beloved aunt. This idea, fanciful as it was, from being constantly cherished, became at last an expectation ; and she sustained with fortitude miseries which she imagined temporary, that she would have sunk under had she believed them permanent.

Her days were creeping on in this state of joyless inactivity, when letters from her aunt, addressed to her father and herself, suspended

for a time every other feeling. Her mother was at the point of death, and as a last indulgence, she petitioned to see her sister and her daughter. Julia put Mrs. Sinclair's letter into her father's hand. He rose furiously from his seat, and exclaimed, "Never whilst I breathe shall you see your mother! The woman who dishonoured me, dishonoured you! I am and will be your only parent; and if you see her, you abandon me for ever; never more will I speak to you, look at you, own you."

Patrick, hearing the vehemence of his master's words, came into the room just in time to save him from falling; and conveying him to his bed, Julia was left to herself to meditate upon her unhappy situation;—a mother dying, and a father denying her a last request. Overwhelmed by sorrow, she was leaning upon the table, her head bending over her aunt's letter, upon which her tears were fast falling, when Mr. Midford was shown up stairs by the maid of the house. Julia, unconscious of his ap-

proach, was still weeping ; nor till he said in a low and respectful voice "I fear I obtrude," did she see him.

The appearance of one whom she really esteemed, and whom she knew her father valued, was most welcome to her ; and holding out her hand, she entreated him to sit down. She said her father was then in a fit, and supposed he might ascribe her grief to that cause. But Mr. Midford had too much penetration ; and the letter over which he had found her leaning, furnished him with an instant clue to her distress. "When your father recovers," he said, "allow me to see him, and employ me as mediator or agent in any business that interests you." Much as Julia required such a mediator, she could not speak of her mother to one who might be a stranger to her guilt and her misfortunes ; and if she spoke of her father's refusal to her aunt's request, she must, she thought, divulge the cause. She therefore said that she feared all interference would be unavailing, but thanked him for the offer ;

and finding it appeared to pain her, he urged it no further.

When Mr. Davenport recovered his senses, and saw Mr. Midford by his bedside, he held out his hand, which he pressed in silence. Then seeing Julia, and fixing his eyes heavily upon her, he faintly pronounced "Matilda!" "Julia! 'tis your Julia!" she said, hanging over him with tenderness. He passed his arm round her waist, and drew her face to his. "I have been harsh," he said in a whisper; "I remember it all." And he then sunk into silence. Julia sate by his bedside the greater part of the night, and till she saw him asleep: she then, at the instigation of Patrick, went to her own bed. But here, the image of her mother dying without the consolation of once more beholding her, chased sleep from her pillow, and in the morning she arose ill and feverish.

Her father was much better; but she feared to repeat her request, lest the same consequences should ensue. Yet to be repulsed by

one attempt, she thought implied a selfish indifference to the sorrows of the heart-broken, and the wishes of the dying—a dying parent! and she therefore resolved once more to present her aunt's letter, and to strengthen its supplication by her own: every hour's delay, every moment's procrastination, might render it useless.

With a heart palpitating with emotion and apprehension, she approached him as he was sitting in his easy chair; and falling on her knees, with the letter of her aunt in her uplifted hand, said, "O my father! if my unhappy mother was ever dear to you, do not deny her last request." Her pleading eyes, her pathetic voice, touched the soul of Patrick, who was behind his master's chair; and springing forward, he would have knelt also: but a rap at the door preventing him, he only said, "If you would save your own sweet soul, do not refuse the request of the dying. I could tell you such a story!" "Peace, fool!" said Mr. Davenport. Julia clasped his knees: he attempted to force her

from him : she still clung to him with an agonizing look of supplication. Provoked at her perseverance, the hand that had hung listlessly over the arm of his chair was suddenly nerved by passion, and giving her a violent blow, she sunk senseless at his feet.

Patrick at that instant opened the door to announce Mr. Midford ; but seeing the agitation of anger and alarm on his master's countenance, and Julia lying on the floor, he rushed forward, raised Julia in his arms, and lamented over her : " O my poor young lady ! my dear young lady ! O that you were my darter, and you should find Patrick indeed your father ! Oh, who has brought you to this condition ? Open your sweet eyes ! Oh, what shall I do with you ?" " Take her away," said Mr. Davenport, " she would kill me." " I think you have killed her first," said Patrick, whilst the big tears rolled down his cheeks. He carried her into the next room, and it was not long before she revived. The blow had terrified and stunned her, but not otherwise injured

her. She desired to be left alone, and Patrick reluctantly returned to his master. The traces of grief and pity were still visible on his honest features; and to Mr. Midford's inquiries after Miss Davenport he could scarcely find utterance for an answer: but briefly asking Mr. Davenport if he had any commands for him at present, he left the room to give way to his feelings, and to be in readiness to attend on Julia, should she ring. After waiting a considerable time in expectation of a summons, and receiving none, and unable to endure suspense any longer, he thought of an expedient to excuse his intrusion; and mixing a little wine and water, he carried it to her with a biscuit. He found her deeply buried in thought: but entreating her to take what he brought, she could not refuse what was meant so kindly; and though she only tasted it, she thanked him as if he had conferred upon her the greatest benefit. "Can I, dear lady, do anything to sarve you?" said Patrick. "Ah no, Patrick," said Julia, "all with me is

hopeless." And covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. Patrick stood for a few minutes contemplating in respectful silence sorrow which he could not relieve, and then with a deep sigh left the room.

Surprise at the situation in which Mr. Midford found Mr. Davenport and his daughter, at first prevented his speaking; and knowing the peculiarly irritable character of the former, after a moment's reflection he judged that silence upon what he had witnessed would be the most prudent measure to adopt, and he would wait for Mr. Davenport to introduce the subject. He took a seat beside him, and kindly inquired after his health; but the tempest of passion had not yet subsided; it still loomed on his brow, and growled in the tones of his voice. At length he said, and with considerable emotion, "You came in an unlucky moment." "I am very sorry for it; but accustomed to be admitted at all times, I was not prepared for the possibility of finding



myself unwelcome." "I do not say you are unwelcome: I believe you are my only true friend in the world." "And if ever a friend is able to prove himself such, surely it is in sorrow and sickness, when the mind is disturbed and the body afflicted. I would, Davenport, that I could do more than console, I would assist: confide to me all your troubles, and command me in any thing."

Even the heart of Mr. Davenport was softened by the voice of friendship: he communicated all his griefs, and listened to his advice. His conscience, usually a banished guest, returned, and upbraided him with cruelty to his unoffending and amiable daughter; and all its reproaches were encouraged by Mr. Midford, as instigators to those better feelings which he wished to establish in his bosom, and as means of reparation to his daughter.

As soon as the agonies of remorse were succeeded by the tenderer sentiments of pity and affection, he sent for Julia. She obeyed, but, averting her face from her father, took

a seat at some distance. After several efforts to speak, Mr. Davenport begged her to come nearer. "Forgive me, Julia," was all he said. She started, scarcely crediting her senses. "Forgive!" "Yes, Julia, forgive me, and go to your mother." Julia sprang from her seat; and throwing herself again at his feet, and clasping again those knees from which she had so lately been spurned, she exclaimed, her fine eyes lifted up to Heaven, "Bless, bless my father!" He folded his arms around her, and repeated, "Go; go as soon as you will, but return again to me." Again Julia looked as if she doubted; and, till the permission was corroborated by Mr. Midford, knew not if she might believe it. Mr. Midford offered his attendance till she could join Mrs. Sinclair, who had appointed an inn on the road, at which she was to sleep, as the place where she hoped to meet her. It was a long day's journey; but Mr. Midford thought that by rising early, and having four horses, they might accomplish it.

The next morning was fixed upon for setting out, as Julia knew how pressing was every moment ; but the fear that she might arrive too late to receive her poor mother's last sigh, to hear her last blessing, allowed her not a moment of quiet. She sat with her father the whole evening, and evinced, by every attention in her power, the grateful sense she had of his indulgence, though she could not subdue her apprehensions that the next moment he would retract his permission. He was thoughtful and melancholy ; and at parting, such a troubled and mournful expression came across his countenance, that she hoped it was the presage of some message to her mother, indicative of grief and affection ; but he said nothing. " May I write to you, my dear sir ? " said Julia. " No," he sullenly replied : " do not write, but come back to me." Julia assured him that she would, as soon as circumstances would allow, and, affectionately bidding him good night, went to her apartment to prepare for the morrow's journey.

A crowd of sad reflections, and as many of fearful anticipations, preyed upon her mind, and she arose unrefreshed by rest or sleep. Mr. Midford was punctual to his appointment, and every thing was ready at the hour fixed upon. Julia stepped lightly into her father's apartment, to see if he were awake, and wished to speak to him; but he either was asleep or appeared to be so, and softly kissing his cheek she hastened to the carriage. Patrick was at the door. "My heart's best blessing go with you!" he said, "and may God speed you a safe return! I wish I could go along with you, but I must stay to take care of my poor master's fits."

Though her spirits were dejected, and her eyes heavy from weeping and want of sleep, yet the coolness of the morning air, when she had quitted the metropolis, the sight of green fields and hedgerows, with the carol of the birds, cheered and refreshed her, and, but for the weight that hung heavy on her heart as she reflected on the object of her journey, would have inspired feelings of delight. But then

she thought of again seeing her beloved aunt ; in a few hours of being pressed to her affectionate bosom, and being folded in those arms which had sheltered her in infancy, had protected her from every evil. As she dwelt with fond anticipation upon a meeting so replete with tenderness, she threw herself back in the carriage, unable to suppress her tears. Mr. Midford sought by his respectful attentions, and the powers of his conversation, to sooth and to divert her ; and Julia, ever alive to kindness, and amused by the united charms of good-sense and good-humour, insensibly found her spirits animated and her thoughts beguiled. She once or twice during the day mentioned her father's health, and its effect upon his temper and spirits. Mr. Midford merely said that he was a very peculiar man, with some good qualities ; but spoiled in childhood, and never taught by example or admonition the necessity of self-government, he was now incapable of controlling his passions ; and like every one who yielded to sudden gusts of feeling, he was perpetu-

ally erring and repenting : “ And,” he added, “ I fear at his time of life the entire reformation of bad habits cannot be expected. Still I flatter myself we shall yet see the recantation of many errors, the correction of many opinions, and that he will prove himself deserving the blessing he possesses in such a daughter as you.”

It was late in the evening before they reached the inn where Mrs. Sinclair had appointed to wait, and as they drove into the yard, a thousand apprehensions rushed into Julia's mind ;—her aunt might have proceeded, her mother might be worse, some mistake might have arisen. Trembling with agitation, she was lifted rather than handed out of the carriage, when the first object she beheld was her aunt's footman, who informed her that Mrs. Sinclair was already arrived. In a moment she was in her arms, and for a moment every past suffering was forgotten. Julia thought her aunt looked ill and wretched, whilst in Julia's pale cheek and wasted form Mrs. Sinclair traced the sorrows

she had endured. Mr. Midford, with the delicacy of a feeling heart, and the consideration of a well-bred man, after consigning Julia to her aunt's protection, and imprinting an affectionate and respectful kiss upon her hand, bade them farewell for the night.

It was now that Julia learnt from her aunt every particular relative to her mother ; her place of abode, her long sufferings, her patient endurance, her sincere contrition, and her hopeless situation. In a small house situated at the foot of one of the mountains of Wales, she had secluded herself and her shame from the eye of prying curiosity, or too justly incurred censure, and, assuming the name of Leslie, had continued to reside since the first two years of her divorce. For that time she was perpetually changing from place to place to escape particular observation, seeing or fancying that she saw in every face contempt and scorn, and that every eye read in hers her unhappy history. "She sinned," said Mrs. Sinclair, "greatly sinned; but, Heaven be praised, she did not continue

in infamy and guilt ; she rejected with an indignation which I hope I may call virtuous, the proposals of the man who betrayed her, and refused ever again to see him unless he offered her the honourable title of wife. But not even this varnish to a guilty conscience would he apply. And humbled by disappointment, degraded by crime, and sinking under the mingled emotions of shame and remorse, she sought only concealment, where she might indulge, unwitnessed, the various feelings that agitated her bosom : disappointment, that subduer of all earthly hopes ; and remorse, which leaves no space for any other guest. But time, that powerful assuager of every misery, softened hers ; and thankful that she had stopped in her career of guilt, she began to think how she might render herself useful, and redeem that talent which she had thrown away or misemployed. Amongst the few inhabitants of the spot she had chosen, she soon found objects of want, sorrow, and sickness ; and in feeding, soothing, and assisting



the unhappy, she drew upon her thanks and blessings that stimulated her to fresh exertions, and amply rewarded her for those she had made. Her life, which she had believed a blank, she now discovered might be rendered useful; and her perseverance in every plan which she laid down for the benefit of her fellow-creatures, by an undeviating course of charities and kindnesses, has, I humbly trust, made some atonement for her own misconduct, and will be her passport to that other and better world, to which, my Julia, she is very fast approaching." Mrs. Sinclair added, that her medical attendant had written his opinion of her situation, and that it was without hope; a few weeks at the utmost could be spared her. "And oh, how shall we meet," said Mrs. Sinclair, "after an absence of twenty years, Julia? (for she has refused even to see me.) I know not how I shall support it."

Julia did not talk of fortitude to her who she knew was in the constant habit of prac-

tising it, but she endeavoured to divert her thoughts from dwelling too intensely upon the subject of painful interest. She spoke of her father, and of many circumstances which had occurred during her residence with him, expatiating only upon those which were the pleasantest : and in these the honest Patrick had a principal place. Mr. Midford she mentioned with the respect he deserved, and which she sincerely felt for him. She spoke too of the inhabitants of the beloved Parsonage, and of Edmund ; inquired about the Willses, and even introduced others of inferior interest ; but she found that nothing could long abstract her aunt from the one subject that pressed upon her heart, and absorbed every other feeling. She sat in profound silence, and only by the occasional pressure of the hand she held was Julia informed that she remembered she was with her.

Mrs. Sinclair intended to leave her servants at the last stage, as the interview would

be too sacred for any observer, and she thought her sister would not like to see any one.

From the time Mrs. Leslie had sent her letter to her sister, entreating to see her and Julia, she had anxiously counted the hours that would intervene before they could arrive, and, with the restless impatience of illness, had every day desired to be conveyed in a wheeled chair to the side of the mountain which rose above her cottage, whence she had a view of the road. Every carriage that approached quickened her feeble pulse with hope, and, when it had passed, sunk it in disappointment. "Oh, they will never come!" she would say; "*he* will not allow them!" and sometimes in the fretfulness of disease would add, "My sister abandons me, my daughter despises me; I shall die alone." "Oh, not alone," said a kind consoling voice that had often whispered comfort to her: "not alone! Am not I near you? and I hope——" "Hush!" she said, "don't attempt to deceive me; I know

there is no hope; and if it be but granted me to see my sister and child, I shall submit patiently, shall die contented."

One day when, as usual, she had been wheeled to the mountain side, and had wasted some hours in anxious watching, wretched and desponding, she closed her eyes, and ordered her servant to take her home; but before she turned, she faintly said, "Let me take one more look; it shall be the last." She fixed her eyes again upon the distant road, and a carriage appeared in sight. "It will mock me, like the rest," she said; but still she gazed upon it till it reached the point where the roads divided; it continued to advance. "They come, they come," she exclaimed, "blessed be God! I shall see them once more;" and throwing herself back in her chair, she covered her face with her hands, and silently and fervently offered up her thanks to Heaven. Then raising herself, she again looked towards the road; the carriage was for a minute lost in a deep valley; the next it was seen ascending the

hill ; in another it would reach the very spot where she sat. She stretched out her arms ; the carriage stopped ; Julia sprang out, and was clasped to a mother's bosom. Mrs. Sinclair had alighted from the chaise ; and after the first emotions of agitated tenderness had subsided, she resumed that admirable self-command which generally sustained her in any trial she was prepared for ; and which, by example, assisted in composing her sister and Julia. The chaise proceeded to the house, and they walked on each side of the invalid's chair.

On arriving at her small cottage Julia assisted her mother ; her feeble step, her emaciated countenance in which beauty was still struggling with sickness, the hectic of her cheek, the feverish brightness of her eye, her short quick breathings, were all powerful indications of deep and hopeless malady. She was placed upon a couch, and again the welcome of fond and grateful affection was expressed by the ardent and eager glance of her eye, and the hurried

accents of her voice. Mrs. Sinclair sat by her side, while Julia hung over her in tearful tenderness. "I cannot part with you again," said Mrs. Leslie, taking a hand of each; "you must not leave me, you must stay with me to the last." Julia could scarcely restrain her agony, and Mrs. Sinclair was only able to press her hand in token of assent. "Amelia, I knew you loved me, you always loved me, and you have ever been my idol and my envy; would that you had been my *example* too!" Fearful that she would fatigue herself too much with talking, Mrs. Sinclair entreated her to compose herself, and try to sleep, and proposed leaving her for a little time. She grasped their hands. "You must not go," she said quickly; "you must not leave me yet. I will try to sleep if you are near me; but do not go." "We will not," said Mrs. Sinclair. The servant brought her some drops, and adjusted her pillows; Mrs. Leslie then closed her eyes, and appeared for a little time tranquil. As Mrs. Sinclair contemplated her features,

those features that she had last seen in all the play of youth and spirit now transixed as if in death, her tears flowed slowly and silently. Mrs. Leslie, suddenly opening her eyes, beheld her emotion. "Do you weep for me, Amelia? I am not that object of pity which I once was, when the world viewed me with envy, and I was lost in its allurements. Oh!" said she sighing deeply, and in a low voice, "I have sinned, greatly sinned; my sorrows have consumed my life; but my repentance, I humbly hope, is accepted by Heaven. I submit to my sufferings with patience, and even thankfulness; believing them to be the just chastisements of an offended God, and mercifully designed as some expiatory atonement for my guilt." She paused for a few moments, and seemed lost in deep reflection; then suddenly exclaimed in a tone of joy, "You and my Julia are with me, will be with me, when I sleep and when I awake; and when I sleep again," said she smiling, "I shall know nothing but bliss."

When Mrs. Leslie was in bed, after sitting with her for some time Mrs. Sinclair and Julia walked about the cottage, which was romantically situated in a green valley at the foot of a mountain. It was small but convenient, and furnished with a neatness and simplicity of taste that accorded with its size and structure. As they were sitting alone late in the evening, there was a gentle rap at the door; and to the maid's invitation to "Walk in, there are only two ladies, miss, friends of my mistress's, who I am sure will be glad to see you," they heard "No, not this evening; as your mistress is asleep, I will not obtrude; but tell her, with my love, to send for me in the morning if she wishes me to come." "That is a voice I know," said Julia; "'tis Bertha's;" and running to the window, saw her flying along the meadow. "What is that young lady's name?" said she, going to the servant. "Wills, ma'am; she and her sister live together close by, and are very kind to my poor mistress; she in particular, for she comes



to her every day, sits with her and reads to her." "Run this instant," said Julia, "and tell her to return." "Why, 'tis late tonight, ma'am, but she won't mind that." "Go, my girl, this moment," said Julia with impatience. Bertha returned, and Julia hastened to meet her. Surprise at first deprived her of the powers of speech; at length she said, "How is this? Is Mrs. Sinclair here? Can she and you be . . . . ." "Yes, my Bertha," replied Julia, anticipating the inquiry: "we are!" Bertha understood that there was some mystery, and said no more. She went into the house, and saw her beloved Mrs. Sinclair.

She briefly told them; that in her journey over Wales with Deborah, she had selected this spot for its singular beauty, had been there nearly two months, and almost immediately became acquainted with Mrs. Leslie, for whom they felt a particular interest; and from the solitude of her situation, and her sickness, they had shown her some attentions which appeared to be a comfort and

a pleasure ; that she had often expressed a desire to see a sister and daughter, and had been some days expecting them, but had never mentioned their names, nor given the remotest hint where they lived. "I have often," continued Bertha, "in her features traced a fancied resemblance to you, Julia; and in the tones of her voice have sometimes suddenly recalled those of Mrs. Sinclair; but I never thought there could be cause beyond my own imagination : yet I loved her the better for reminding me of two so dear." She then said that she must hasten home, as Deborah would be expecting her.

This unlooked-for rencontre was gratifying to each party ; and Mrs. Sinclair and Julia felt great consolation in knowing that Mrs. Leslie had had so kind a companion, so useful a nurse, and so soothing a friend, as Bertha. When they informed her the next morning of the circumstance, she was equally pleased, and spoke of her as the only person whose conversation had afforded her any amusement during her residence in

that spot, or whose affection had been a blessing. "I have lived here," she said, "in entire seclusion, deservedly an outcast from general society. Though there might be some tender-hearted individuals amongst it, who, less severe in their morals, might have pitied and noticed me; yet in such attentions I could not have found pleasure, nor from such favours could I have derived comfort. I loved virtue, though I had transgressed against it; and I never glossed over my crime by those specious arguments with which some have sought to heal the wounds of conscience. Fallen as I was, I should have scorned a kindness from the unworthy; and the indulgence which would have varnished my guilt with the qualifying epithets of a just retaliation, or a pardonable indiscretion, would neither have soothed nor gratified me; I could not deceive myself by such sophistry. How often in the bitterness of my soul have I wished this mountain to crush me, or the earth open to receive me!—But I bless God my life has been spared so long,

and that mine is not merely a death-bed repentance."

One day she asked Julia about her father, and if he were kind to her. She said, falteringly, "Yes;" but Mrs. Leslie did not remark the hesitation, and replied, "May God bless him!"

Mrs. Sinclair and Julia seldom quitted her for a moment; they accompanied her when she was taken out in her chair, and the air always seemed to revive and benefit her; she sometimes continued out two or three hours, and delighted to show them some of the beauties of the home scenery. Bertha was frequently with them, and Deborah would sometimes call and join their party. But at that time she was very much engaged in superintending the alterations and repairs of the cottage she had taken, and in the study of physic, which her chemical knowledge had induced her to believe she might practise usefully and successfully amongst the poor people, who were unable always to afford a medical attendant when they re-

quired one, and particularly as the nearest was several miles distant. "I really believe," said Bertha laughing, "she has only quite killed two old women and a child." Some, however, had great faith in her prescriptions; and she was sometimes employed many hours in the day in receiving her patients at her own house, visiting those who could not go, and preparing pills, powders, and potions; for she had not yet found out the one grand specific, the universal panacea for "all the ills to which flesh is heir to;" but she still hoped to discover this perfectibility in medicine, as some philosophers expect the arrival of that state in the human mind.

The apothecary, who was not unfrequently called in to repair the mischief she had caused, and correct the errors she had committed, in vain expostulated, and entreated her to desist from the practice of physic, and leave it to him: but she still considered his opinions as the prejudices of custom, the dogmas of the old school; that, as the world advanced in knowledge, science would advance in excel-

lence ; and believing it was reserved for her to effect some great discovery in the healing art, called Galen a fool, and Æsculapius an old woman, and still persevered in administering her potions to all who would accept them. Mrs. Leslie had given her great offence by refusing an infallible pill ; and though she softened her rejection by saying that her case was hopeless of cure, yet Deborah considered it as a disdain of her remedy, and an insult to her judgement. Bertha, however, reconciled her in the best manner she could, and Deborah again condescended to visit her,—though she often hinted at the absurdity of persons *liking to be ill* when they *might be well*.

In the attentions which the poor people showed to Mrs. Leslie, their anxious inquiries after her health, their prayers and their blessings whenever they saw her, Mrs. Leslie read a volume gratifying to her own heart. Services we may generally purchase, and praise it is not difficult to obtain : but the solicitude which is expressed in simple language, and

kindness which seeks for no reward, can only proceed from attachment, and are the genuine and impulsive testimonies of a conduct we respect, and of manners which we love.

One evening as Bertha was sitting with her friends, they heard a gentle tap at the door, which was slowly opened, and a little fair face pressed in. "Come in, my pretty Kate," said Mrs. Leslie. The child had shrunk back on seeing strangers, but at the extended hand sprung forward, and threw her arms round Mrs. Leslie's neck. "My mammy," she said, and her voice was convulsed by sobs: "my mammy sent you her love and her blessing, and bade me give you this (presenting a little pincushion) which she made with her own hands: it was the last work she ever did; and she told me to say that she blessed you with her last breath for having saved my poor daddy and all of us from ruin; and she bad us pray for you, and love you, and help you all we could." "Say no more," said Mrs. Leslie in a voice

stified by emotion ; “ pray for me and love me, it is all I want.” “ We do,” replied the child ; “ we can’t help it.” She kissed the little girl, and told her to go. “ Do you know where I am going ?” she said. “ I am going to put flowers over my mammy’s grave ; my sisters are there now, and they told me to go : but I thought I would first do what she bid me, and then I would go to them.” “ And will you put flowers on *my* grave, Kitty ?” said Mrs. Leslie. The girl looked thoughtfully in her face : “ I hope not ; but if you should want them I will, and the sweetest, prettiest flowers I can get. My mammy was very old and very poor, but you are not ; you will not want them, lady.” “ Perhaps sooner than you think ; but go, dear girl, and deck your mother’s grave.”

A silence of some minutes ensued, for every bosom was too much oppressed for words ; Mrs. Leslie was the first to speak. “ I believe it is one of the festivals of the church,” she said, “ when the relatives of



the deceased strew their graves with flowers; and as it is a custom peculiar to this country, I should wish you, my Julia, to see it. Simple, sacred, and affectionate, it speaks a language understood by every heart, and has always excited the sympathy of mine. Amelia will sit with me, and Bertha attend you."

Julia went. The "peaceful mansions of the dead" were decorated with the gayest and freshest flowers of the season, and one of the survivors stood at each grave piously guarding the perishable blossoms, emblems of those beneath! She saw the little girl who had just left them, kneeling with her sisters by their mother's grave, and covering it with flowers: they were so intent upon their occupation that they did not perceive Julia and Bertha, who walked to another part of the churchyard, where they observed one grave quite untouched. On asking the cause, they were told it was that of a young woman who had died there away from her friends; that she was a stranger among them. Affected even to tears, she begged a few flowers of

one of the women, who instantly gave her a handful, saying, "It was a shame that nobody had thought of tending the poor thing, who had no friends." Julia took them with thanks, and the stranger's grave was strewed by a stranger's hand.

When she returned, she related the circumstance; and her mother, drawing her nearer, said, "Remember this custom, my Julia;" and added in an affecting and emphatic tone "Shall I be left forgotten in the dust?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Here there is a chasm in the MS., and no description of the last moments of Mrs. Leslie can be found. We must therefore go on to the papers found after her death by Mrs. Sinclair and Julia; papers too descriptive of the situation of their unhappy writer not to be read with great interest by her affectionate survivors. Amongst them were some songs, which Mrs. Sinclair was certain were descriptive of her sister's feelings during marriage, especially as they each

bore the date of the day of the month and year when they were written. The following one was written probably just as she began to suspect that her conscious happiness was *liable* to be obscured by the fickleness of her husband.

*Song the First.*

O Time, suspend thy rapid flight,  
Linger awhile on downy wing,  
Prolong the season of delight,  
And give to Love eternal spring !

But still thy fluttering pinions move,  
My prayers are lost, my tears are vain ;  
Ah ! if thou wilt not pause for love,  
What can thy rapid flight restrain ?

The next song seems to betray a suspicion that her husband's love was on the decline.

*Song the Second.*

Say, when the bloom of love is fled,  
What can the beauteous plant restore ?  
Will tears revive its drooping head,  
Or dews refresh the fainting flower ?

Ah ! no : from chilling floods of grief,  
Trembling, the timid bud retires,  
And, like Mimosa's shrinking leaf,  
Beneath th' invader's touch expires.

But let a smile its sunbeams bring,  
Play on the lip, and warm the eyes ;  
Then love will feel a second spring,  
And glow with new and brighter dyes.

The third song is painfully expressive of her distress when the certainty of her husband's indifference to her forced itself on her mind.

*Song the Third.*

Love sheds no more his golden ray,  
My dubious path of life to light.  
That star which promised endless day  
Is set, alas ! in endless night.

No tone of kindness meets my ear,  
No smile of joy delights my eye ;  
Unmark'd I shed the silent tear,  
Unpitied breathe the lonely sigh.

The fourth song was written at that fatal period of her life when she took refuge

from the coldness and the frowns of her husband in the criminal attentions and flatteries of her seducer, but had reason to fear that the constant regard of her lover was not more to be relied upon than that of her husband.

*Song the Fourth.*

I will not think those lips could borrow  
Dissimulation's treacherous smile,  
And with a well-feign'd pensive sorrow  
A fond, believing heart beguile.

I will not think those eyes could languish,  
And with seductive transports melt,  
Unless the soft and tender anguish  
Thy warm, impassion'd bosom felt.

But if delusive be my pleasure,  
If Syren joys my bosom thrill,  
Still let me call thee life's best treasure,  
And, if I'm cheated, cheat me still.

(There is no further mention made of either Mrs. Sinclair or Julia till we find the latter again in the house of her father; and then the narrative goes on as follows:—)

The day which completed Julia's twenty-first year arrived; and when she awoke in the morning, a crowd of busy feelings rushed to her heart; Hope fluttered about it, but would not settle. She knew that the restrictions of minority were removed, and that she might now become the wife of Edmund without being amenable to any legal authority: but to a parent's she still felt herself bound; and if his consent were withheld, she knew how imperfect would be her happiness. Yet she could not endure the thought of inflicting disappointment upon Edmund, nor did she dare to incur her father's anger. The recollection of him who had looked forward with all a lover's impatience to this day; the thought of her father, who she was but too certain would oppose her union, agitated her bosom, and steeped her pillow in tears.

Different situations prescribe different duties, and every person has his own peculiar and relative obligations to perform. "In the soul of man (says an eminent female

writer of another country) exist two moral principles equally opposed ; the love of action, and the necessity of submission, which are exhibited in self-will and resignation : these are, in a manner, the two poles of his mind, and the equilibrium of reason is found between them." Julia opposed the wishes of her heart to the necessities of her duty ; and as she reflected upon the numerous infirmities of her father, and upon the occasional kindnesses he had lately shown towards her, she resolved not to leave him whilst her society could amuse or her attentions please him. In anticipating letters from her aunt and Ellen and her Edmund, her mind caught some rays of happiness, and she almost counted the minutes ere these sunbeams of affection could shed their warmth upon her bosom.

When she entered the sitting-room, she was surprised to find her father, who generally breakfasted in his own room, already there. She observed too that he was drest with more than his usual care and neatness ; and consi-

dering it a compliment to the day, a glow of gratitude diffused itself through her heart. He welcomed her with a smile, but it was a smile of such troubled joy that rather distressed her than communicated pleasure. He rose from his seat, kissed her, and wished her many happy returns of the day. She attempted to converse and appear cheerful, thought of the moment when letters would arrive, and the transcripts of affection would meet her hand : but the post was unusually late, and the tear that often swelled in her eye, proved how near its source was to the heart. At length they came ; and Julia was astonished and confused when Patrick, no longer observing his accustomed caution, presented the letters to her, at the same time that he gave others to Mr. Davenport. She hastily looked at the superscriptions, and found her aunt's and Ellen's : but the one which she had the most anxiously expected, that upon which she most relied, was wanting, and she vainly endeavoured to conceal the tears which fell upon those she



held in her hand. Her father had perused his, and carefully folding it up, put it in his pocket; then looking at her, and bursting into a laugh, cried out, "You are disappointed, I see. What, not a word from *him*? A pretty lover, indeed!" This ill-timed and unfeeling observation completed her misery: but she constrained herself to be silent; and rising in all the dignity of offended pride and wounded affection, she left the room.

After indulging her emotions, and when the tide of sorrow had partly exhausted itself, she broke the seals of her letters, hoping to find some explanation of Edmund's silence; but all the intelligence she could gain was, that he was expected to celebrate that day at Albany. Doubt and uncertainty too often excite distrust and suspicion; and even the being dearest of any to our bosoms, the longest loved, the most cherished, the one on whom we relied as upon a rock, sometimes appears to us for a moment "like a reed shaken by the wind." But so steady was her trust in Edmund's truth, in Edmund's

affection, that she imagined any cause for his silence rather than a dereliction there; and though she could not forget the disappointment, she calmed her apprehensions, and returned with a composed countenance to the sitting-room. Her father had left it; and as she always found occupation the best beguiler of painful thoughts, and the surest solace of painful feelings, she sat down to her drawing, and had been for some time employed in making a little sketch from recollection of her beloved Albany; of the White Cottage peeping amidst the trees; the Parsonage at a distance, with the poplar that “raised its aspiring head high above the rest of its leafy brethren” surrounding that dear abode, (spots where centred all her fondest affections,) and was intently contemplating the work of her own pencil, when suddenly turning her head she saw her father behind her. An instant feeling of fear, lest he should be offended by the discovery of the places it was intended to represent, induced her hastily to put it into her port folio.

But though she knew he had seen it, he made no comment, and his countenance indicated more good-humour than she had ever seen upon it. "Come," he said, "Julia, I want you to walk out with me." Julia instantly arose, and throwing on her veil was ready in a few moments. "I don't choose you to wear this thing," said her father. "I hate veils, unless for ugly women." Julia smiled at the compliment, and threw it off,—though she disliked walking in the streets of London, exposed to every rude gaze, without one,—but she was always happy when she could so easily conform to her father's wishes. Patrick was summoned to attend them, and came with more than his usual smiles and bows.

Julia supposed they were going to the Temple gardens, as her father seldom went any where else with her, and when they reached the gates she was turning in. "No," he said, "not this morning: I am going to the other end of the town." "Then, my dear, sir, take a coach," said Julia;

“the walk will be too much for you.” “I detest a hackney coach,” he said, “dirty and disagreeable vehicles; only fit for those who cannot walk.” “Then,” said Patrick (who overheard Julia’s proposal and his master’s answer) advancing towards them with the respectful air which he always assumed when they were observed, “they are just fit for you, sir, and I beg of you to let me call one.” “I will not,” said Mr. Davenport with an emphasis that made even Patrick retire, and effectually silenced both him and Julia. They walked a very considerable way, Mr. Davenport occasionally so much fatigued as to alarm Julia; then again exerting himself, under the apparent influence of some powerful determination, and declaring he felt better and stronger that day than he had done for many years. Julia happening to turn her head missed Patrick. She immediately felt considerable terror lest her father should be taken ill suddenly, and how inefficient would be her efforts to support or assist him. But

she forbore making any remarks, that she might not alarm her father, who scarcely ever would suffer him out of his sight, and had often said he believed that his death would be the consequence of his leaving him. She importuned him to sit down in a shop; but he said that the people would expect him to spend money, and he hated shops.

They had now reached one of the handsome squares; and Julia, trembling with apprehension for her father, again begged of him, if they had much further to go, to rest for a few minutes, if it were even on some of the steps of the houses. "I have taken a fancy to that one at the corner," said her father. "But this is nearer, sir," said Julia: "rest here." "No; I like the other best!" She thought this humour indicative of a deranged intellect, and, more than ever alarmed, mentioned that Patrick was not with them, and feared that missing them at some turning he had mistaken his way. "Very likely," said Mr. Davenport carelessly: "he is a true Irishman."—— They at length reached the house which Mr.

Davenport had pointed to as that where he would rest. And strange as would be the appearance of a gentleman on the steps of a handsome house, and a well-dressed female standing by him, his look of illness and fatigue would at once account for it, and Julia thought it was not a moment to indulge in the scruples of appearance. But when she expected her father to sit down, he ascended the steps, and rapped loudly at the door. "Is this Mr. Midford's?" she asked him. But before she could receive an answer the door was opened by Patrick, and several servants in new liveries were ranged in the hall. "This is your mistress," said Mr. Davenport, suddenly assuming an air of dignity and authority; "this is my daughter; and as you obey her commands, so will you obtain my favour." They all bowed with respect, but Patrick bent to the very ground. "My honoured master, my honoured mistress!" was all that he could say.

So rapidly had every thing passed, that Julia still stood entranced in astonishment;

the miracles of the Arabian Nights were not less wonderful than all she saw and heard. "This is my house," said Mr. Davenport, taking her hand, "and it is yours, Julia; you will find every thing ready for your reception, as my daughter." Patrick opened the door of a room fitted up with the taste and classic elegance of Hoolean art, and Mr. Davenport desired his daughter to sit down; and he placed himself by her side. Patrick brought them refreshments, and these indispensable supporters of our mortal part assisted to destroy the illusion of the fancy. "Are you displeased with what you see?" said Mr. Davenport half angrily at finding her still silent. "I cannot be displeased, my dear sir," said Julia: "but what am I to understand? How is this your home, and I its mistress?" "Be satisfied that it is so," said her father: "I do not like to be questioned about *how* it is." "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear lady," said Patrick, unable any longer to keep silent, "finding you such a sweet dutiful darter, we thought

you ought to be rewarded ; and as my good master only took you to that dirty place in Fleet-street, to try how you would behave," 'Peace, idiot!' said Mr. Davenport, "leave it to me to tell." "Yes, sir, if you will tell," said Patrick, "I know you will tell it a dale better than I can. But my dear young lady should know ; or perhaps she will think this is some trick, and a place like that in Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales, and that we are all a parcel of jugglers and mountebanks, and such-like. I can't bear to have her deceived unless it be for her good, which is what you have thought all along of you, for you like to do things your own way, when I should have told her long ago."

Julia was eagerly listening to Patrick's account, as she hoped by that to gain more elucidation of the mystery than from her father ; and she knew that in a cunning simplicity of phrase he imparted much of that with which he wished her to be acquainted. He saw her attention, and continued rapidly to speak, till Mr. Davenport ordered him



out of the room. Julia observing that her father was becoming serious and gloomy, which were frequently indications of his approaching malady, proposed to him that he should show her the house, if he were not too much fatigued. He seemed glad to be aroused from his apathy, and accompanied her into the several apartments. The house was large, and handsomely furnished. Julia thought that to a man of such unsocial habits as her father, one who knew so few people, a smaller would have been better suited and more comfortable; but she did not like to imply an opinion contrary to his own, as in selecting the house she supposed that he must have been directed by his own choice; and she had pleasure in the belief that it was to gratify her more than himself. Her own apartment was fitted up with the most elegant simplicity; and next to it was a smaller room, in which was a very choice selection of the best authors, decorated with beautiful vases for flowers, and furnished in a style of similar simplicity to

her chamber. "This room, which I left to Midford's taste," said her father, "is exclusively your own."

Julia felt a pang at her heart, an undefined apprehension passed across her mind. "But it cannot be," she thought; and she made an effort to be grateful to him for so exactly understanding her taste.

Mr. Davenport desired his daughter to dress for dinner, as her things had all been removed from the lodgings, and he expected two gentlemen. He then rang the bell, and a very neat servant attended her. Julia, who had so long been in the habit of waiting upon herself, and so long unaccustomed to have any one assist at her toilet, would gladly have dispensed with her altogether; but not wishing to hold her services in contempt, she said that she would ring when she wanted her.

On going to her dressing-table, she found upon it a box directed to her, and, on opening it, read within the lid "A father's atonement to his daughter." It contained a very

beautiful set of pearls, a bandeau for the head, comb, necklace, earrings, brooches, and bracelets. "Alas!" she thought, "that a man should think decorations for the person, an atonement for the sorrows inflicted on the heart! a compensation for neglect! a panacea for every wound!" She sat down, and pensively surveyed the ornaments. The box was of curious Indian workmanship; and as she examined its finely wrought hinges, her fingers touched a secret spring, by which a lid unexpectedly opened, and in the top were placed two pictures. One she instantly recognised as her father's, such as he then was; the other was youthful, but she traced the same features; the character was fierce and haughty, and she read in it the impetuous passions of his early days, and almost the history of his life. Impressed with a full sense of such unexpected kindness as this gift in particular evinced, Julia exclaimed, "My father, my dear father! surely thine was a heart reclaimable by tenderness! with all its faults

it must have some virtues ; and kindness, patience, fortitude, and forbearance, might have won it back ; at least it was my mother's duty to have attempted it :—she neglected to do so, and lost herself." She stopped, as if she had reproached her mother, and, after once more looking at the pictures, deposited them in their place.

How many a truant heart may be converted from its evil ways by affection, and turned into the path of penitence by mildness and forbearance ! while the contrary conduct, of reproach, resentment, or retaliation, hardens guilt and obliterates attachment.

Julia dressed herself with more than her accustomed attention, and on the rich auburn of her glossy hair placed the ornaments her father had given her ; whilst the others decorated a bosom whose hue was as pure and unsullied as their own.

When she descended into the dining-room, she found Mr. Midford, who welcomed her with the ardour of a sincere friend, and with

the unembarrassed freedom of a disinterested one; and she instantly banished the suspicions that had arisen on a survey of the house. She approached her father, and, pointing to her ornaments, kissed him in testimony of her gratitude. The hour of dinner had passed, and the other guest was yet wanting.

Mr. Davenport became uneasy, but refused sitting down to table till he appeared. An hour passed, a note arrived, and the dinner was ordered still further to be delayed. Julia wondered: but to her all was mystery. Mr. Midford kept up an easy flow of conversation which served to beguile the time; and in the intelligence and amusement his subjects afforded, she had almost forgotten the peculiarity of her situation, and the weightier interests that pressed upon her heart, when the door was hastily opened, and "Mr. Edmund Herbert" announced. Julia heard no more: she became unconscious that she was sustained by the arms and

pressed to the bosom of him she loved. When recollection returned, she beheld him and him alone, her own Edmund, who cheered her by his accents, and soothed her by his endearments.

Her father and Mr. Midford had left the room. She briefly inquired by whose solicitation he came. "By your father's." "Blessed be heaven!" cried Julia, falling on her knees, "and have I a parent's sanction?" Edmund had just raised her to his heart, when Patrick announced that dinner was ready, and Mr. Davenport himself appeared to conduct her to the dinner-table. He seated himself at the top, Mr. Midford at the bottom, and Julia and Edmund on each side.

Patrick, whose place was behind him, frequently advanced looking earnestly in his countenance. "Why do you look at me?" inquired Mr. Davenport sternly. "Oh, my dear master, it is because my eyes run over so with joy, that I cannot see you; and

that is the reason why I look at you." Mr. Davenport spoke rapidly, joyously, and sometimes incoherently: but Julia thought he seemed better and more animated than she had ever seen him. When the servants had withdrawn, his first toast was his daughter's health; and turning to Edmund, "She is worthy the best man in Christendom. I believe you to be the best, and I give her to you, but not yet, not just yet." "Not till you wish it," said Julia affectionately. Edmund looked at her with tender reproach. "I once intended," continued Mr. Davenport, "to have Percy for my son-in-law: but he escaped me; and I then fixed upon Midford." "But I," said Mr. Midford, "had enjoyed too long a life of single blessedness to bear the connubial yoke of bondage, and even your daughter." "Yes, even my daughter, my Julia, you refused." "Pardon me, not refused." "But you did not love her?" "She could not love me." "I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Davenport turn-

ing to Edmund, “through life unfortunate! and never could conciliate the true affections of any one—I was deceived and deluded—I became morose and cruel, unjust and unnatural. I have been punished:—I have tried *her*, (pointing to Julia,) and I find her just in the balance; I oppressed her, and she was patient; I have injured her, and she forgives me. I am sensible of her worth, and I would reward it. She must reside with me for a twelvemonth—must indulge a father’s pride, by allowing him publicly to acknowledge and present her—and then, Mr. Herbert, she shall be yours. Here is my hand—and here my Julia,” presenting the other to her, “and may the Almighty bless”—His voice faltered, and he sunk back in his chair. Patrick was summoned, who instantly removed him to his chamber.

Julia and Mr. Midford, who had frequently seen him in these fits, were not greatly alarmed; but Edmund thought he observed in the livid paleness of his lips, the



sudden contraction of his features, and the convulsive grasp of his hand, the indisputable stroke of death. To every inquiry Patrick returned "No better." At length Mr. Midford himself went to the room, and was instantly convinced that the apprehensions of Edmund were just. A physician was instantly sent for: but the pulse was already still, the limbs cold, and the features fixed. Mr. Midford conveyed to Julia and Edmund the melancholy catastrophe: his countenance revealed it without the aid of words. Julia received the intelligence with a look of speechless horror, and remained for some minutes immoveable in grief, and insensible even to the voice of Edmund, who looked at her in an agony of apprehension. The sudden and varied transitions of the day, he feared, had been too much for her, and that reason had sunk beneath them.

At length she faintly said, "Let me see him!" and was moving to the door. Edmund strove to detain her. "He was my

father," she said, "and I must see him." Her eyes were still tearless, and her countenance fixed in grief. Edmund led her to the room. She stood for some minutes gazing on the body now clad in the garb of death. "He was my father," she said. "And his last words blessed *us*, my Julia," said Edmund. "Yes," she replied. "He gave you to me," said Edmund, wishing to awaken her from that apathy of sorrow which threatened the annihilation of reason.

Patrick, who had been vainly endeavouring to stifle his sobs in a corner of the room, now rushed forward, exclaiming, "He was the best of masters, and I would have served him to my dying day." "Who are you?" said Julia. Edmund could no longer restrain himself, tears of bitter anguish rolled down his cheeks, and almost frantic with grief he strained her to his breast: he thought her intellects quite lost, and was endeavouring to lead her from the room. "Stop," she said once more, and suddenly

clasping her hands together, she threw herself on the body, and burst into a passion of tears.

This natural indulgence of grief relieved her heart, and she allowed Edmund to lead her from the apartment, and prevail upon her to take that repose which her spirits and frame so much required. Mr. Midford informed Edmund that Mr. Davenport had been for some months engaged in ascertaining his property, and arranging his affairs. During the years of his imprisonment in France nothing had been drawn from the capital, which, from the accumulation of interest, had recovered itself from the former extravagant demands made upon it. His broker, who was a very honourable and just man, had employed it to the best advantage; and upon a strict investigation he found himself enabled to resume his former style of living, and to introduce his daughter in a manner gratifying to his pride, and adapted to her expectations. With a whimsicality and caprice that had ever marked him, he

wished to make some trials of her temper, her obedience, and her affection, and to appear poor that he might judge of her disinterestedness; for, though no man ever exerted himself less to conciliate esteem and regard, yet no one ever exacted more; and the wish to be beloved existed without the attempt to render himself so. Hence arose those murmurs at the ingratitude of the world; suspicions of every one's integrity, and a discontent with every thing. Power and authority he considered as the prerogatives of man; submission and passive obedience, the highest virtues of woman. Yet, though he always contended for the right of command, no one perhaps was more easily the dupe of art and design. The prejudices of his brain for ever warped the better feelings of his heart; and the violence of his temper destroyed tenderness and affection, in the very bosom where it was most his interest to have preserved it. Yet, though obstinate in his opinions, he was frequently awakened to remorse; and in such moments

his desire to make reparation for the injuries he had done, was often confirmed by the voice of advice and friendship. "I knew my influence," continued Mr. Midford, "and I employed it: even his servant, the honest and judicious Patrick, led him like a child, and, by obviously yielding to him in some things, secretly guided him in others of more importance." Mr. Midford was sensible of his services and fidelity, and Patrick equally grateful and attached to him.

Mr. Midford advised that, if Julia was sufficiently well the next day, she should leave the house, that she might not witness the solemn preparations that must ensue; and if she had no friends in town to whom she could go, he had a sister who would be happy to receive her. When it was proposed to her the next morning, she urged her wish to remain, and pay her last duties to her father. But this was so strenuously and affectionately opposed by Mr. Midford and Edmund, that she yielded to their opinion; and as she had been forbidden to see any of

her former friends when she first came to London, so much explanation would be required should she seek them, that she gratefully accepted of Mr. Midford's proposal till she could return to Albany, which it was settled she should do as soon as the funeral was over, and Edmund's attendance no longer necessary.

The fortunate change in Mr. Davenport's sentiments respecting Edmund, arose partly from the high commendations bestowed upon him by Mr. Midford after their interview upon the road, and from the unexampled and, he could not help feeling, unmerited assiduities of his daughter to comply with his wishes and to render him happy. Patrick often spoke of the rescue at Portsmouth, and of his owing to Mr. Herbert his life. The altered countenance of Julia, her dejected eye, her broken spirits, Mr. Davenport too plainly saw, and saw also that she struggled to subdue her feelings, and for his sake appear cheerful. Yet at the very moment that he has been conscious of this,

he has tyrannized over the gentleness which he loved, and tried the temper which he admired. But patient and uncomplaining, she still submitted in silence, and endured with fortitude. Every day made her more necessary to his existence, and he wished to prove to her his affection. Assisted in the examination of his property by Mr. Midford, he was also guided by him in the arrangement and disposal of it. As the means of publicly acknowledging his daughter in a manner which would gratify his pride, he was delighted to find that he possessed so much; and hoping at once to obliterate from her mind a recollection of neglect and injuries, which preyed upon his own, he proposed to Mr. Midford the establishment he had just completed. Mr. Midford again spoke to him of Edmund, how imperfect would be *his* happiness if his daughter's were so. He extolled the merits of her lover, gave an exalted character of his literary fame, of his high conduct as a son; and thus attacking his vulnerable side, even stimulated the pride and ambition of

Mr. Davenport to be desirous of such a son-in-law. Wishing to enjoy the surprise of Julia, he would not mention to her this change in his opinions, but wrote a letter to Edmund sufficiently explanatory of his views and wishes, and desiring him to join their dinner-party on her birth-day. He sent no date or place to the letter, and Edmund concluded he still lived in the lodgings where he had formerly seen him. Astonished, and scarcely crediting what he read, he instantly set off, (as time would scarcely allow of his obeying the summons by the hour appointed) and fluctuating between hope and fear, went to the lodgings, where he heard of Mr. Davenport's removal; and received from the people so doubtful a direction to his new house, that, willing to ascertain if it were correct, he first dispatched a servant with a note: and hence arose the delay which has been mentioned.

On opening the will, Mr. Midford, who was left sole executor, informed Julia that the whole of her father's property was be-



queathed to her, with the exception of a small legacy to Mrs. Sinclair, "if she will condescend to accept it as a trifling testimony of that esteem which virtue never fails to inspire even in a corrupt mind; of the grateful sense which a parent entertains for her protection of his child, and for not having her taught to hate him." This bequest, and its motives, strangely as it was worded, were gratefully felt by Julia. A liberal annuity to Patrick for his faithful services, and a handsome legacy to Mr. Midford, the only friend he ever had in the world, concluded the will. Mr. Midford asked Julia if she wished to reside in the house, and keep up the establishment. "Oh no!" she said, "my home is Albany, my house my aunt's." "Not long, my Julia," said Edmund tenderly. "*Our* home shall be hers."

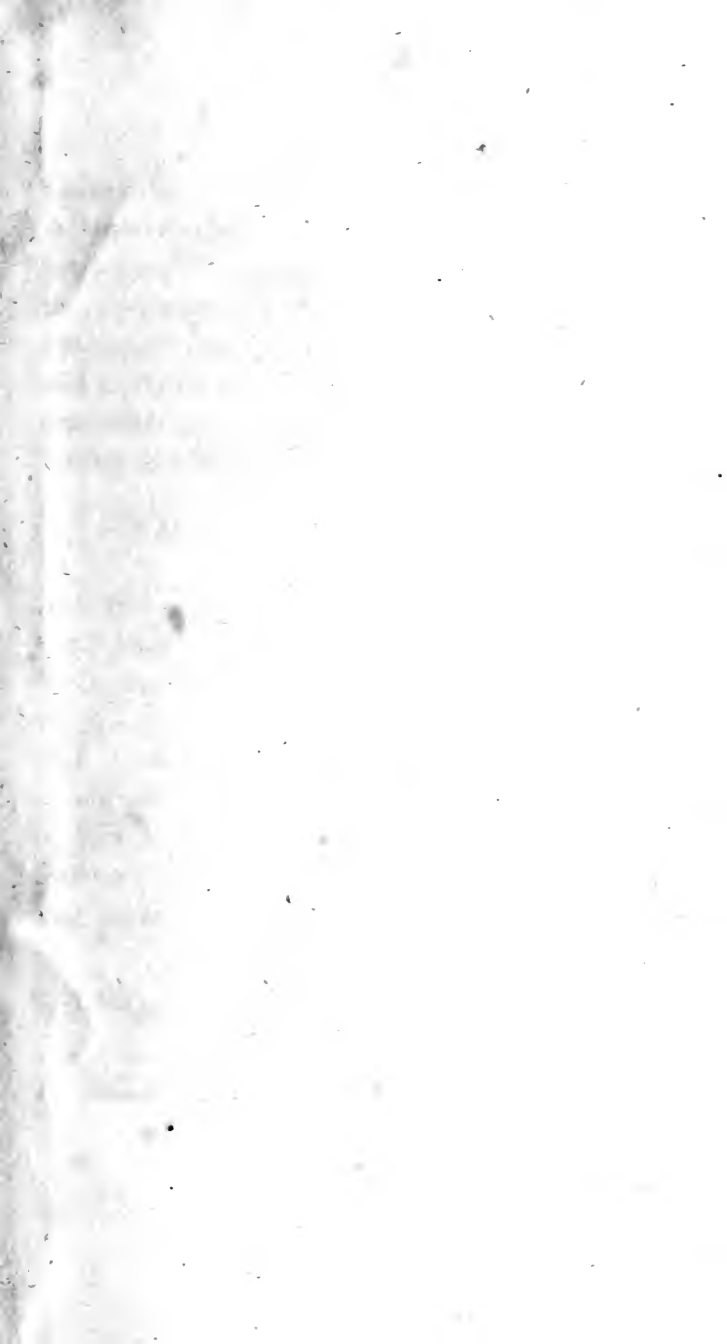
Mr. Midford undertook to dispose of the house, and to dismiss the servants; and when every thing else was settled, Edmund and Julia prepared to set off for Albany, attended by the faithful Patrick, who conjured

them “not to leave him behind ; not to throw him upon the wide world, nor to despise him now he had got so handsome a fortune ; for what good would it do him unless he spent it with them ? He had no kin or kind, and no one to love but them ; they were to him like father and mother, wife and child, and he hoped he might live and die with them.”

THE END OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

I must now take upon me to add that, after having married Edmund to Julia, it was my lamented friend's intention to unite Conway to Bertha, and Ellen to Percy. Some retributive justice was to attend the unamiable Anna Maria ; but whether she was to pine through life a disappointed old maid, or be unhappy as the wife of a man who married her merely for her fortune, I cannot take upon me positively to determine.

A. OPIE.









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